

No. 43

MERRY ENGLAND

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[MONTHLY.

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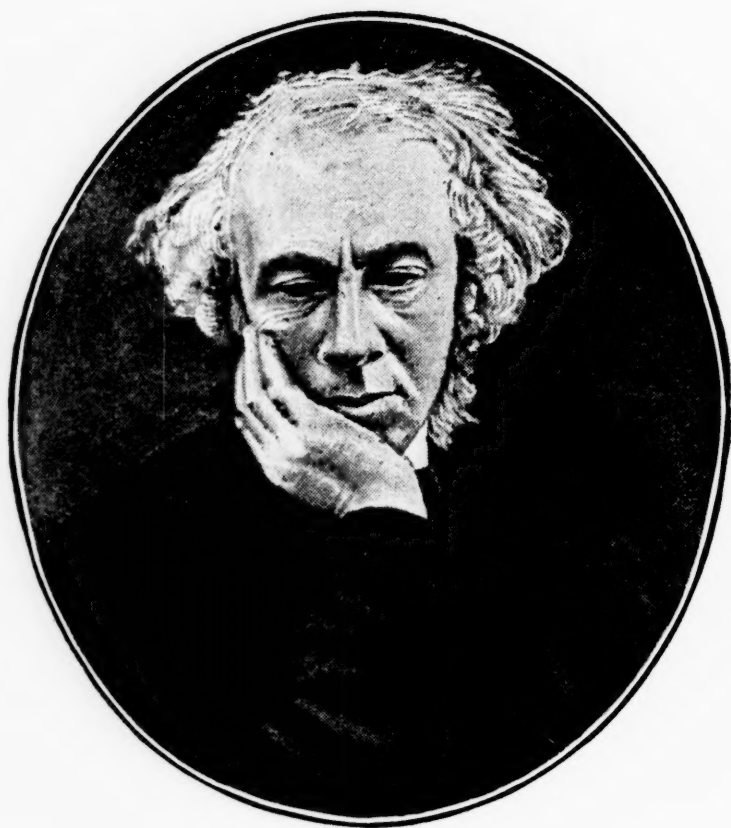
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AUBREY DE VERE.

MERRY ENGLAND

NOVEMBER, 1886

The Wearer of Wordsworth's Mantle.

PROMINENT Catholic authors in England are divided into two groups—those who have a general and those who have an exclusively Catholic reputation. No arbitrary comparison need be entered into with regard to the relative place occupied by the two bodies in the literary and intellectual world. In many instances the choice of a larger audience or a smaller lies entirely with the author; in others theological sympathies may give him a place within the pale of faith which he would not gain in the open competition of a mixed world. Mr. de Vere is one of the most largely known and generally read of Catholic authors—his subjects being at one time sacred and at another secular; the sacred are touched with a scholarly thoughtfulness which makes them attractive to those in whose hearts religion is not of intimate interest, and the secular show the ever-present influence of Christian principle. As an instance of the latter fact may be taken two poems, dealing the one with the career of an ante-Christian hero, the other with a mystical Greek myth. Alexander in his magnanimity, justice, and pride is drawn with the hand of a Christian moralist, who judges him according to the ethics of the Gospel; and in the same drama the finest passages are not those which deal with the conqueror's cam-

paign, but those in which the saintly Persian Princess Arsinoe is led by the pathetic failure of all her happiness and her hopes—happiness which she renounces before its birth in her heart, and hopes which she holds, slain, in their monumental urn,

“Securer for that funeral prison cold,”

to grope her prophetic way to a mystic Bethlehem.

The other work to which we refer is the *Search for Proserpine*. It is thus that the celestial messenger Iris comforts the disconsolate Ceres for the loss of her child :

“From this hour

Let every mourner in the past who buries
An innocent delight be sure henceforth
That in that treasure-house, a sacred charge,
It shall await him.”

Mr. Aubrey de Vere's poetry bridges over a certain transition period in English literature ; he belongs partly to the stately school of another day, partly to the impulsive and penetrating genius of the most modern of modern times. He reaches back, indeed, further than his age could warrant, because he has in one phase of his work identified himself with his father. The style of Sir Aubrey de Vere is completely reproduced—or rather not so much repeated as continued—in the colder and more classical efforts of his son, and the high polish and dignity of such a manner leave little room for any complaint as to a certain habit of inversion—a Miltonic tradition, moreover—and as to a measured undramatic tone, which to modern ears greatly weakens what should be energetic passages. Inversions are a fashion of the past with which our taste is out of harmony ; but no doubt they had their charm to those for whom Young wrote—

“Retire ; the world shut out ; thy thoughts call home ;
Imagination's airy wing repress.”

And whereas Mr. de Vere spans over, as we have said, the

time from his father's early day to ours, his finer powers were developed in the day that followed Wordsworth—the day of Tennyson's youth. It was certainly under the fresh emancipation produced by Wordsworth's poetical reforms that were laid the foundations of such lovely structures of song as the *Ode to a Daffodil* and the *Autumnal Ode*. Directness of word is the opposite of inversion, as directness of impulse is the opposite of the half-realised and reserved sentiment which loves inversion. Nothing could be more direct than the fresh and penetrating words from the first-named ode :—

“ O love-star of the unbeloved March !

.

A week or e'er

Thou com'st thy soul is round us everywhere.

Herald and harbinger ! with thee

Begins the year's great jubilee !

Of her solemnities sublime

(A sacristan whose gusty taper

Flashes through earliest morning vapour),

Thou ring'st dark nocturns and dim prime.

.

To thee belongs

A pathos drowned in later scents and songs.

Thou cam'st when first the Spring

On Winter's verge encroaches ;

When gifts that speed on wounded wing

Meet little save reproaches.

.

Thee the old shepherd, on the bleak hill-side,

Far distant eyeing, leans upon his staff ;

Till from his cheek the wind-brushed tear is dried ;

In thee he spells his boyhood's epitaph.

To thee belongs the youngling of his flock,

When first it lies, close-huddled from the cold,

Between the sheltering rock

And gorse-bush slowly overcrept with gold.

Thou laugh'st, bold outcast bright as brave,
 When the wood bellows, and the cave,
 And leagues inland is heard the wave.
 Thou com'st whilst yet on mountain lawns high up
 Lurks the last snow ; while by the buried breer
 As yet the black spring in its craggy cup
 No music makes or charms no listening ear ;
 Thou com'st while from the oak stock or red beech
 Dead Autumn scoffs young Spring with splenetic speech ;
 While in her vidual chastity the year
 With frozen memories of the sacred past
 Her doors and heart makes fast,
 And loves no flowers save those that deck the bier ;
 Ere yet the blossomed sycamore
 With golden scurf is curdled o'er ;
 Ere yet the birch against the blue
 Her silken tissue weaves anew.

.
 Child of the strong and strenuous East !
 Now scattered wide o'er dusk hill bases,
 Now massed in broad illuminate spaces,
 Torchbearer at a wedding feast
 Whereof thou may'st not be partaker,
 But mime at most and merry-maker ;
 Phosphor of an ungrateful sun,
 That rises but to bid thy lamp begone.

Farewell ! I saw
 Writ large on woods and lawns to-day that law
 Which back remands thy race and thee
 To hero-haunted shades of dark Persephone.
 To-day the Spring has pledged her marriage vow ;
 Her voice, late tremulous, strong has grown and steady,
 To-day the Spring is crowned a queen ; but thou
 Thy winter hast already."

The *Autumnal Ode* is so great in its simple purpose—the declaration of an immortality for man other than that "cyclic recreation" which Wordsworth contemplated with awe in the

fields, the hills, and the seas of the world—that it seems unfitting to loosen passages from their setting merely that their beauty may be the more conveniently seen. Nevertheless, such lines as are purely descriptive may be so cited without loss. Such are the following :—

“ The love songs of the Blackbird now are done :
 Upon the o’er-grown, loose, red-berried cover
 The latest of late warblers sings as one
 That trolls at random when the feast is over.”

And this noble passage, contrasting man’s sadness at the flight of time on earth with the ungrieved desires of the holy dead :—

“ Lo there the regal Exiles !—under shades
 Deeper than ours, yet in a finer air—
 Climbing, successive, elders, youths, and maids,
 The penitential mountain’s ebon stair :
 The earth-shadow clips that halo round their hair :
 And as lone outcasts watch a moon that wanes,
 Receding slowly o’er their native plains,
 Thus watch they, wistful, something far but fair.
 Serene they stand, and wait,
 Self-banished by the ever open gate :
 Awhile self-banished from the All-pitying Eyes,
 Lest mortal stain should blot their Paradise.”

There is in the fifth line of the fragment just quoted an image taken from planetary forms, of which the effect is singularly impressive. “ The earth-shadow ” is evidently suggested by the shadow of Saturn as it clips the luminous ring.

The pains and pangs, the heart-piercing regrets and pathetic consolations of the poem close together in lofty final chords :—

“ The heart and hope of Man are infinite ;
 Heaven is his home, and, exiled here on earth,
 Completion most betrays the incompleteness !

Heaven is his home.—But hark ! the breeze increases :
 The sunset forests, catching sudden fire,
 Flash, swell, and sing, a million-organed choir :
 Roofing the West, rich clouds in glittering fleeces
 O'erarch ethereal spaces and divine
 Of heaven's clear hyaline.
 No dream is this ! Beyond that radiance golden
 God's Sons I see, His armies bright and strong,
 The ensanguined Martyrs here with palms high holden,
 The Virgins there, a lily-lifting throng !
 The Splendours nearer draw. In choral blending
 The Prophets' and the Apostles' chant I hear ;
 I see the Salem of the Just ascending
 With gates of pearl and diamond bastions sheer.
 The walls are agate and chalcedony :
 On jacinth street and jasper parapet
 The unwaning light is light of Deity,
 Not beam of lessening moon and sun that set.
 That indeciduous forestry of spires
 Lets fall no leaf ! those lights can never range :
 Saintly fruitions and divine desires
 Are blended there in rapture without change."

It ought not to be needful, and indeed perhaps it is not, to recall to the minds of readers lines so great, poetry so true, given to the Catholics of England, with all other great achievements of their brothers in the faith, to add to their intellectual dignity and comfort in the face of the Protestant crowd which has assumed the principal training and scholarship of the country. But others of Mr. Aubrey de Vere's minor pieces which are almost or quite as memorable, are perhaps less known, for they must be sought in a very world of poems. Mr. de Vere has written somewhat too much if we may rate him as highly as his finer moments permit us to do. There is a mass of songs and sonnets and other lyrics which we would pass in a lesser writer but which we would cancel in him, and which we imagine he may have retained through a certain humility joined to a single-

hearted love of making verses. With respect to the *Legends of St. Patrick* and *Legends of the Saxon Saints*, the smooth and somewhat heavy conventionalities apparent in much of the execution should not mar for a thoughtful reader the orderly, large, and magnificently philosophical plan upon which these poems are conceived. Their author is one of the few living Englishmen (we use the word in its widest sense, for he is an Irishman, and English only in the origins of his family) who are able to understand history in its spaces and its masses, in the more distant tendencies and the larger results of the movements of mankind.

In taste Mr. de Vere is always right and exquisite; in imagination he is almost invariably great and only at times cold, and at times ineffective rather than ineffectual; in fancy he is occasionally trivial (and this we charge to the quantity of his writings and not to the quality of his mind), but more generally as subtly fine and delicate as this song proves him :

“ When I was young, I said to Sorrow,
‘ Come, and I will play with thee ’—
He is near me now all day ;
And at night returns to say,
‘ I will come again to-morrow,
I will come and stay with thee.’

“ Through the woods we walk together ;
His soft footsteps rustle nigh me.
To shield an unregarded head,
He hath built a winter shed ;
And all night in rainy weather,
I hear his gentle breathings by me.”

Modern taste seeks in sonnets for qualities not always associated, at least in times lately past, with that beautiful organism of verse. It is not that we do not recognize the value of the state and restraint of the ideal sonnet; but taking these for granted, we desire vitality and a certain impulse. In other words we are

most delighted with a sonnet which is an organism—as we have just called it—rather than a construction. In all definite and limited forms, with parts to them—and the sonnet is the only one of many such forms that English literature has retained—there must be either construction or organism—the latter word implying a certain life, a spring, a unity. Is it not the long contrast between the crystal and the plant, between ancient architecture and mediæval in Europe, between Buddhistic architecture and Saracenic in Asia, between the composition of an English painter, who adds fact to fact, and that of a French painter, who takes a scene in its *ensemble* and inter-relation? Nay, would it be too fanciful to say that the contrast is the same as that between the art of an actor whose look and action has vital reference and relation to all on the stage with him, and that of an actor who takes his fellow-players as parts of the matter in hand, but hardly parts of himself? A sonnet which has this quality of vitality and impetus and movement is the one perfect form and shape in English verse. All other such shapes have been discarded—shape of ballade, of rondel, of rondeau, of virelay, and so forth; and English poetry, but for the survival of the sonnet, would be altogether devoted to lyrical and heroic verse which has no shape or limitation as to length, or relation of parts. Doubtless, the freedom of such verse has been excellent for English vigour; we have no wish to see our poetry bound in the too ingenious regulations of earlier Italian versification. But let the sonnet remain as long as English Letters, pure and distinct, a perfect form, and vascular and alive.

Perhaps there are many readers of poetry—readers who very pardonably take their poets in books of selections—to whom Mr. de Vere is best known as a sonneteer. One or two of his sonnets are certainly never absent from such anthologies. But to our mind this is rather an injustice both to the sonnet and the poet. Mr. de Vere seldom chooses the form which favours a real organism. He frequently passes over the pauses which

AUBREY DE VERE.

mark the relation of the parts ; and his sonnets seem to have less vigour and movement than his unfettered lyrics. Nevertheless, many of them have a beauty and loftiness of thought which make them memorable poems whatever they may be as sonnets. But now and then the impulse of a splendid idea gives life to as true a sonnet as any in our language. Assuredly the following should take a place among any hundred great sonnets in our literature :

“ For we the mighty mountain plains have trod
Both in the glow of sunset and sunrise,
And lighted by the moon of southern skies.
The snow-white torrent of the thundering flood
We two have watched together : In the wood
We two have felt the warm tears dim our eyes,
While zephyrs softer than an infant's sighs
Ruffled the light air of our solitude.
O Earth, maternal Earth, and thou, O Heaven,
And Night first born, who now, e'en now, dost waken
The host of stars, thy constellated train,
Tell me if those can ever be forgiven,
Those abject, who together have partaken
These Sacraments of Nature—and in vain.”

We have spoken of Mr. de Vere's single and simple love of making poetry. He is, in effect, the most typical of men of Letters, besides being one of the truest poets of his time. It has been said that “the poetical element in man subserves to the intellect, in some degree, the same purpose that the conscience does to our moral nature.” No mental life has ever been more uniformly guarded, guided, restrained, admonished, and inspired by this literary conscience than Mr. de Vere's must have been, if we may judge by the rightness and uprightness of his whole career of poetical work. And besides this intimate love of Letters, he leads and has always led a life more literary in its outward circumstances than falls to the lot of many men in

these complicated times. For he was the friend of Wordsworth when that great philosopher and poet was an old man, and has been his most receptive and sympathetic propagandist since the world has lost him ; the friend of Landor ; the friend of Henry Taylor ; the most loved member of that literary society of which Crabb Robinson noted the annals ; the correspondent of Coleridge's daughter. He is the friend of Tennyson, of Browning, of all that is foremost and best in that literary life which is the complement of the life of fact and sorrow. As his career was in its beginning when that of so many who knew and praised him best was closing, it is not amiss to recall their testimonies and to put them on record in a modern magazine. Walter Savage Landor hailed in him that Greek spirit which revives so strangely, at long intervals of time and space, in single intellects among alien nations. And the old poet sings to him who was then the young one,

“ Make thy proud name still prouder for thy sons,
Aubrey de Vere ! ”

—but that beautiful and noble name will only too probably end with its present bearers. Sir Henry Taylor places him as a companion poet to Wordsworth himself ; of one of Mr. de Vere's poems, *The Infant Bridal*, he says, “ If the spirit of Spenser were to revisit the earth in order to see what had been done in his own way since he left it, he would find nothing that would give him more pleasure than this.” Elsewhere he exclaims :

“ No lesser light
Than what was lit in Sydney's spirit clear
Or given to saintly Herbert's to diffuse
Now lives in thine, De Vere.”

Of the more personal reference to his kinsman which Sir Henry made in his autobiography published some little time before his lamented death, the following may be cited :

“One incident of the change from single to married life is, that two circles of friends and associates meet and cut each other—or, if that phrase be equivocal, let it be said that the two circles meet and kiss each other. In our case the impact was enriching to both husband and wife. The best friends of each became equally, or almost equally, the friends of the other; and in our respective contingents we were more upon a par than might be inferred from the difference of age. I had had the time and opportunities of nearly seventeen years more to provide myself with chosen friends; but, on the other hand, I had no brothers or sisters, whereas my wife had seven; and, beyond that immediate bound, but only just beyond it, she had a first cousin who was a brother in everything except the one remove in blood—Aubrey, a younger son of Sir Aubrey de Vere, whose wife was Lord Monteagle’s sister. My wife had no other very intimate friend; but that one was worth a thousand.

“Bearing in mind what I have said of certain others, I am afraid to speak of him as he deserves, lest I should be supposed by some unbeliever to have a way of considering all my own friends as food for the gods, and my wife’s as the salt wherewith it is salted. There is a natural disposition in many people to revolt against anything which looks like exaggeration in a man’s estimate of his friends, as being not radically very distinguishable from an exaggerated estimate of himself. And some, though I hope not quite so many, find the language of panegyric distasteful, even when free from the taint of friendship; being of opinion with Sir Philip Francis, that praise is never tolerable but when it is *in odium tertii*. It may be well, therefore, to be a little careful, and rather to let my friends’ letters describe them than say all I think about some of them.

“But as to Aubrey de Vere, his rank in poetry is now quite as much recognised as some of our now famous poets were in their own lifetime, and every year of these latter years has been extending the recognition in wider circles. In 1848, when his poems were but little read, Walter Savage Landor, then, I think, seventy-four years of age, gave him as cordial a salutation as ever old poet bestowed:—

“ Welcome who last hast climed the cloven hill
Forsaken by its Muses and their God !
Show us the way ; we miss it, young and old.
Roses that cannot clasp their languid leaves,
Puffy and colourless and overblown,
Encumber all our walks of poetry.
The satin slipper and the mirror boot
Delight in pressing them ; but who hath tracked
A Grace’s naked foot amid them all ?
Or who hath seen (ah ! how few care to see !)
The close-bound tresses and the robe succinct ?
Thou hast ; and she has placed her hand in thine ;
Walk ye together in our fields and groves.
We have gay birds and graver ; we have none
Of varied note, none to whose harmony
Late hours will listen, none who sings alone.
Make thy proud name yet prouder for thy sons,
Aubrey de Vere ! Fling far aside all heed
Of that hyæna race whose growl and smiles
Alternate, and which neither blows nor food
Nor stern nor gentle brow domesticate.
Await some Cromwell who alone hath strength
Of heart to dash down its wild wantonness
And fasten its fierce grin with steady gaze.
Come reascend with me the steps of Greece
With firmer foot than mine ; none stop the road,
And few will follow ; we shall breathe apart
That pure fresh air, and drink the untroubled spring.
Lead thou the way ; I knew it once ; my sight
May miss old marks ; lend me thy hand ; press on ;
Elastic is thy step, thy guidance sure.

“ If Landor had known Aubrey de Vere personally, he might have testified to other and higher attributes than those of the intellect and imagination. And indeed as to mere matter of intellect, it ought not to be otherwise than easy of belief that the friends of an intellectual man are intellectual. For such persons fall naturally enough into groups, whether through kindred of blood and brain, or through mutual attraction and a common

field. It was in both ways that the Spring Rices and the De Veres had been brought together in the preceding generation; it was thus, too, that a daughter of the one and a son of the other, having each, however diverse in kind and degree, an inheritance of intellectual gifts, were brought into relations of more than ordinary intimacy; and after my marriage I was not long in finding how rich a dowry of friendship my wife had brought me in Aubrey de Vere."

In October, 1815, Sir Henry writes under the heading "Aubrey de Vere swerving towards the Church of Rome," that his friend is "making up the accounts of his studies and meditations;" and he continues: "In the previous year (that of the Gorham controversy), while these meditations of Aubrey's had been going on, he and I had corresponded on the subject of them. In a letter written to some one else, I spoke of his meditations as gyrations of the wounded bird, not of the bird that soars. I did not anticipate that he could find rest and satisfaction in the Church to which he seemed to be gravitating. In this I was mistaken; he *has* found peace and happiness in that Church." Sir Henry makes himself sorrowful over the change, and seems regretfully to suppose that—contrary to all experiences—a profound allegiance given to the Church must detract from the warmth of human affection. But even then he finds in Aubrey de Vere a wealth of affection such as might be split up into a number of fortunes; just as he assures a lady who had criticised Mr. De Vere's character, that if Aubrey's virtues were divided into two parts, each part would suffice to make a saint. This admiration of Sir Henry for his friend is all the more conspicuous as coming from one who, if he did not actually prefer "any woman to any man," as he rashly says he did, found the deepest and truest of his friends among women.

Then from a different time, in a different voice and manner, comes the witness of one paying a generous homage to a poet whose work must reproach him by its mere manliness and lofti-

ness. Mr. Swinburne is a receptive and inveterately imitative poet whose genius is, by the very force of these qualities, rather critical than originative. His critical power, in effect, is very great, although it finds vociferous expression in a shrill style. Of the song we have quoted above he has written :

“ I know of no lyric to be matched against this [one of Sir Henry Taylor’s] for charm and sweetness except that of Mr. Aubrey de Vere’s which is the one lyrical poem in our language not written by Shelley yet possible and even likely to be taken for Shelley’s by a perfect judge and faithful student of the supreme lyric poet of England.”

We have quoted the testimony of non-Catholic writers ; but it is for those of his own faith that his work must needs have the highest interest. Poetry should enter all the more closely into the mental life of those who are living as strangers in this fretful world, and who desire that righteousness shall make poetry on earth and praise in Heaven unite. To the singers who have departed, and who have left us such poetry as the most beautiful of Aubrey de Vere’s, those who follow may say, as Abraham Cowley said to Crashaw in heaven :

“ Thou need’st not make new songs, but say the old.”

ALICE MEYNELL.

Our Dead.

HOW is it with our dead? we ask in pain.
The dim land stretches far beyond our sight,
The chill wind mutters through the sullen night,
And still the deep dread question sounds in vain.
How is it with our dead?—yet once again
From tired heart all baffled with the fight,
Now worn and weary. Oh let there be light,
Some light where darkness for so long hath lain.
Do they remember all our prayers and tears,
The old affections and the love we bore?
Or has the vague sweet charm of those lost years
Passed into silence on that other shore?
We ask—the roses lift each drooping head
And answer—it is well with them, your dead.

ETHEL WILSON.

Molly's Aversion.

ONE morning in the early spring the good ship "Clyde" left Sydney for Gravesend.

And as the steam-tug tows their floating home through the harbour, the passengers stand upon the deck, gazing in admiration upon the scene. Sydney has been called the Queen of the Southern Seas, and with good reason, as all agree that look round at the fairy-like beauty of the place. The atmosphere is wonderfully clear; the sky a deep blue; the sun semi-tropical; the waters smooth and unruffled. Small coves and sheltered bays, wooded shores and splendid villas crowning rising slopes, rich in luxuriant verdure, are seen on every side. Trim little yachts, and two or three men-o'-war lie at anchor, the Union Jack floating lazily from their stern; whilst the dark towers of Government House rise grandly over the waters of Farm Cove.

As the "Clyde" steams into the open sea, the passengers scatter about, talking and laughing, or making comfortable arrangements for the voyage. In one corner of the deck, as far removed as possible from the crowd and noise, lies an old man, in a long chair. His features are large and handsome; his form thin and spare. His deep-set eyes have a restless, dissatisfied expression; and his white lips and sunken cheeks show that he has suffered much. By his side stands a girl of about eighteen. She is tall and fair, with a well-shaped head, a slight graceful figure, and large, earnest, brown eyes. With loving hands she smooths back the hair from the old man's temples, and bathes his face with eau-de-cologne.

"There, dear," she said gently, "that will refresh you. The

hurry and bustle have tired you. But it will soon be nice and quiet."

"Not till we get home, Molly," he answered, sadly. "I watched the passengers as they came on board, and I do not believe there is an Englishman amongst them. They are all Australians of the worst type."

"Now, papa dear, you must not be too hasty in your judgments. They may not be so bad as you think."

"Bad! Of course they are bad, everyone of them," he cried, excitedly. "Don't I know them? Noisy, vulgar, talkative creatures, with no more feeling—"

"Hush, papa. You'll surely be heard," whispered the girl, looking anxiously round. "Ah, here comes Mrs. Mavor. I'm so glad."

"Good morning, Mr. Dean. I hope you are comfortable?" said a cheery voice, and an elderly lady came forward with a smile, kissed Molly and shook hand with the old man.

"Yes; I am comfortable enough, thank you," he answered. "But I am annoyed to find there are no English people on board."

"It is a pity. But, after all, what does it matter?" she said, gaily. "You need not mix much with the other passengers. We three shall be quite snug together."

"But Molly will not allow me to keep to myself; she says I am surly and—"

"Now, papa dear, I never said that," cried the girl. "I only suggested that when people spoke kindly to you, you might be just a little bit polite."

"Hear her, ye gods! as if Australians were ever kind."

"Yes, they are," insisted Molly. "When we went from Gravesend to Melbourne in the 'Austral,' you were very ill, papa, and I was so unhappy. We had taken the journey for your health, and as it did not seem to do you any good, I used to fret terribly. Well, the kindest people on board were the Australians."

"Few people could help being kind to you, dear," said Mrs. Mavor in a whisper. "But let us talk of something else. Where is your cabin, Mr. Dean?"

"On deck, I am happy to say. The captain has treated me well. The noise of people walking backwards and forwards over my head in the 'Austral' nearly drove me mad."

"But you are better than you were then?"

"Better? Alas! that I shall never be," he answered, lowering his voice that Molly should not hear. "It is merely a question of time. Ere many weeks elapse, all may be over and she alone in the world."

"Poor child," and Mrs. Mavor glanced compassionately at Molly, who was playing at ball with a baby boy, quite unconscious of the serious conversation that was going on.

"Yes," said Mr. Dean. "She is young to be left—and—will miss her cranky old father sadly. I have not a relation in the world to whom I could send her."

"That is sad. But don't fret about her. So long as I live Molly shall not want a friend."

"God bless you," he answered, pressing her hand. "It was a lucky day when we met you again; still more fortunate that you happened to be coming home in the 'Clyde.' I know not how things might be. My business affairs are so unsettled, my darling might be almost penniless, and she so young. Promise to look after her, to shield her from harm."

"I promise," she answered earnestly. "She shall be as dear to me as though she were my daughter."

"Thank you. It will help me to die happy when I think you will take care of my little girl."

"Molly will not require my care very long," said Mrs. Mavor, smiling. "She will soon find some one nearer and dearer than I."

"And yet my darling is not beautiful."

"No; but there is something so sweet, so earnest, and—"

"Now, papa dear, you have been talking too much," cried Molly, coming back. "Come, dearest, you must go to your cabin and lie down." And helping him out of his chair, she insisted on leading him away.

"You see how she rules me," the old man said, smiling over his shoulder at Mrs. Mavor.

For some time Mrs. Mavor sat gazing out upon the ocean, pondering over the sad intelligence she had just received. And as the "Clyde" cut swiftly through the waves, she longed to treble the speed, and reach England before Mr. Dean's forebodings came true. The death of a much-loved parent is hard to bear under any circumstances; but on board ship it would be doubly painful. And her heart was filled with compassion as she thought how forlorn the girl would be.

However, the next morning the invalid was better; every hour on board seemed to give him fresh strength and make him less anxious and irritable. So the time passed on, one day very much the same as another, till the ship reached Aden. There they stopped for a couple of days, and there was a general rush on shore. The town had a reputation for liveliness, and most of the travellers were eager for variety and excitement. Mr. Dean and Molly did not care to trust themselves in the dusty streets, so they remained quietly on board. Mrs. Mavor spent an hour or two in the town; but soon returned, half dead with heat and fatigue. She and her friends had been pursued by beggars for "baksheesh" at every turn. This, and the atmosphere of coal dust which pervaded the place, did not tend to make her happy, so she resolved to spend the rest of the time within the comfortable precincts of the steamer.

These weary days at Aden were a sad trial to Mr. Dean; Molly suffered when she saw him annoyed; and Mrs. Mavor felt impatient at the delay. But at last, to their delight, the passengers came trooping back; the anchor was raised; and they were once more on their way.

They entered the Red Sea. The heat was excessive, and the invalid became extremely ill. Poor little Molly was wild with grief. Never before had she seen him so low, and she trembled lest he should die, and leave her alone, without a creature to love and care for her in the great wide world. But when Suez was passed, and the steamer had crawled through the Canal into fresher air, the old man rallied; the doctor pronounced him out of danger, and by degrees he regained his strength. This happy change was a great joy for his daughter and devoted friend, who, after many days and nights of anxious watching, were at last free to leave his side, and resume their ordinary life on board ship.

One day, when Molly had given her father his early dinner, and had coaxed him into lying down for an hour or so to rest, she stole out of his cabin, and ran off to the dining-room to look for some lunch. As she went along the deck, she was surprised to see Mrs. Mavor talking in a friendly manner to a tall, handsome man. He was quite a stranger, and the girl wondered at his sudden appearance amongst them.

"I am so glad to see you," she heard Mrs. Mavor say. "So very glad. I had no idea you were on board."

"I came on at Suez," he answered; "and you must have been in hiding somewhere, for I have never caught sight of you until now."

"I have been with poor Mr. Dean; he has been so ill; he—" and she lowered her voice.

"Indeed! That must have been hard work in the Red Sea."

"His daughter is young, poor child," she said. "I must introduce you to her. She is not pretty, but so charming."

"Thanks. But it is really not worth while," he answered carelessly. "I have only a short time to be on board, as I go overland from Naples. I am determined to keep away from young ladies, if possible; especially—"

Then they passed on, and Molly heard no more. She paused

for an instant ; her dark eyes flashed indignantly, and a scornful smile played round the corners of her mouth.

"Not worth while, indeed !" she murmured. "The very rudest of father's despised Australians could not have done worse ; and by your accent, dear sir, you must be an Englishman. But I am not anxious to make your acquaintance, I assure you." And drawing herself up proudly, she followed them into the dining-room.

Mrs. Mavor and the young stranger had taken their places together, some way up the long table, and as Molly appeared, the lady signed to her to come and sit beside her.

"Thanks ; I shall do very well here," the girl replied as she seated herself next the door.

Luncheon over, Molly hurried away to her cabin. She changed her dress and brushed her hair ; then, providing herself with a piece of work, she went up to spend the afternoon with her father. To her astonishment she found that he had already come on deck, and was reclining in his long chair ; whilst by his side sat Mrs. Mavor and the stranger. The old man appeared much pleased. Molly felt indignant as she looked at the little group.

"What business has Mrs. Mavor to force us upon this gentleman ?" she said. "It is really too bad." And she was turning back to her cabin, when her father caught sight of her, and called her to him. The others glanced round ; and much against her will she was obliged to join the party.

"My dear Molly," said Mr. Dean, "come and be introduced to Mr. Temple. I am so glad to meet an Englishman once more. After being shut up for weeks with those ill-mannered, bullying Australians, it is positively delightful. Mr. Temple, this is my daughter."

Molly bowed coldly ; then bending over to arrange her father's cushions, she whispered : "You promised not to abuse our fellow-

passengers, papa dear. So don't forget again. It does no good, and will only make enemies."

"Enemies, indeed!" he answered, scornfully. "As if I cared! I hate them all, and they know it. But pray go on, Mr. Temple; let me hear the end of that tiger hunt. Did you shoot the fellow?"

"Yes; I shot him after a great deal of trouble. But it would be rude to continue, unless I tell the first part of my story to Miss Dean," and he looked at the girl with an inquiring glance.

"Oh, Molly doesn't mind! So long as I am happy, she's content. Eh, little one?"

"Yes, papa, certainly. Pray continue, Mr. Temple," she said with a quick blush; then seating herself on a low chair beside her father, she began to work.

From this hour Mr. Dean and Richard Temple were fast friends. The young man was kindness itself, and his pleasant companionship had a soothing effect upon the invalid.

Molly felt grateful for his attentions to her father, and it made her happy to see them together. But from all their conversations she held herself aloof. She could not forget the first words she had heard him utter. So when Mr. Temple approached the old man's chair, she would withdraw to a distant seat, or, murmuring an excuse, seek the solitude of her cabin. Mrs. Mavor, who had a warm admiration for the dashing young officer, could not understand the girl's conduct.

"My dear Molly, you are a mystery to me," she said, gravely. "In my days girls were very different—all smiles and prettiness. But in these times of culture, they are too grand to speak to a man unless he be a genius of some kind. A good honest soldier has no attraction for them."

"Indeed, I should not care to meet a genius," said Molly, laughing. "I should feel afraid of him."

"Then, what do you want? There is Richard Temple—a

perfect gentleman ; a man of property ; a fine, handsome, kindly fellow, and you will not condescend to speak to him."

" Mr. Temple is extremely nice—"

" Do you think so? Then, pray be a little polite the next time you meet. He is not accustomed to such disdain, I assure you. There are many girls, and beauties, too, who would give a great deal to have the opportunities that you throw away so recklessly."

" My dear Mrs. Mavor ! "

" My dear Molly. What I say is true ; and I give you warning, that if you go on as you are doing, you may as well make up your mind to be an old maid. No man would ever care for such a cold, stand-off girl."

" I'm not uneasy ; " and Molly laughed merrily. " I think old maids are delightful. Some of the kindest, most unselfish—"

" My dear Molly, you appal me. Your father must put a stop to your deep studies. You go too fast. You will be a blue stocking, a—"

" I assure you I shall never be anything of the kind. But come, do not scold me any more, please. And I should be so thankful if you would go to papa. I have letters to write ; and I do not like him to be alone."

" But Richard Temple is with him."

" Then, pray, release him," said Molly, with a frown. " He is very good, and I am grateful ; but I cannot bear to take up his time so much. Do go and send him away, please." And laying her hand upon the old lady's shoulder, she gave her a loving kiss.

" When you look like that you are adorable ! " cried Mrs. Mavor, " and no one could refuse you anything."

Then returning the girl's embrace, she went up to Mr. Dean.

Molly was now alone in the big saloon ; and opening her blotter, she seated herself at the table, and began to write. But

her pen did not move rapidly ; and very soon it dropped from her fingers and she became lost in thought.

" I wish he had not come on board," she said, slowly ; " and yet he is so kind to poor papa. He is clever—and good—and I think—yes, I feel certain, that if I had not overheard him make that rude speech to Mrs. Mavor, I should have liked him very much." And having come to this conclusion, Molly sighed ; then taking up her pen continued her writing.

" I hope I shall not disturb you, Miss Dean, if I sit here?" asked Mr. Temple, coming into the saloon a few moments later, with a bundle of papers in his hand.

" You do not disturb me in the least," said Molly, coldly.

He seated himself at the extreme end of the long table ; and the young people continued their work for some time, but not a word passed between them. Molly's pen ran quickly over the paper, and Richard's brows were knit, as though his study was indeed profound. At last the girl's letters were written ; her envelopes sealed and directed ; and, without even a glance at her companion, she rose, gathered up her belongings and went off to her cabin.

" What a curious young lady that is," he thought, looking after her. " I never saw such an icicle. And yet when she talks to her old father, her whole face changes, and she is as tender as possible, and upon my word he is a trial. She guesses, or perhaps Mrs. Mavor has told her, that I am not an Englishman, but as good an Australian as any on board. I daresay she shares her father's prejudice and so avoids me. Yet I cannot believe that of her ; for I have heard her stand up bravely for my countrymen. Perhaps she objects to my deceiving the old man. Well, it is not my fault. My education in England gave me an English accent, and the invalid took a fancy to me, imagining I was one of his beloved John Bulls, and Mrs. Mavor implored me not to undeceive him. But a truce to this nonsense, my friend ; Miss Dean does not like you, so don't trouble yourself about

Miss Dean. This paper must be finished this afternoon." And again the brows were knit.

That evening a strong wind sprang up, and the "Clyde" was tossed about most unpleasantly. Few ladies were bold enough to venture on deck; and a considerable number of gentlemen gladly sought the seclusion of their cabins. But Molly was a good sailor, and as her father's quarters were above, she went backwards and forwards to see how he was getting on.

"My dear child, you'll be washed overboard, or get your brains dashed out," cried Mrs. Mavor, as the girl prepared to go to her father after tea. "I am quite sure Mr. Dean does not want you."

"Yes, he does," replied Molly, smiling. "Besides, I quite enjoy being blown about by the wind."

"You have strange tastes, dear," said Mrs. Mavor, shuddering. "But, pray, be careful."

"I'm not uneasy. I'm a good sailor you know, and can stand straight even in a storm;" and kissing her friend's hand, Molly ran out of the saloon and up the stairs.

"There is not much of a storm after all," she thought. "It would be foolish to remain shut up there all the evening because there is a little wind, or rather a heavy swell. How delicious the smell of the sea is, how grand the waves look." And with one foot on the deck, the other on the last step of the stair, she gazed around. "Poor Mrs. Mavor, what a pity she is so nervous; now—"

Here the girl's reflections were rudely interrupted; the ship pitched suddenly from one side to the other; and she was laid full length upon the deck. Then there was a rush and a scramble; a running of feet, and a murmur of horror; and before Molly had time to realise what had happened, she was raised from her lowly position, and a strong arm held her securely against the wind.

"You are not hurt, I hope?" asked an anxious voice; and

then she found that it was Mr. Temple who had rushed so promptly to her aid.

"Thank you ; no, I'm not hurt," she stammered, blushing deeply, whilst tears of wounded pride and indignation filled her eyes. "It was stupid of me to fall. Pray let me go. I can stand quite well." And she struggled to free herself from his protecting arm.

"You cannot, you must not attempt it," he said firmly. "Lean on me, and I will steer you safely across to your father's cabin."

"Thank you—but—"

"It is useless to refuse. You are helpless without me. See, you are powerless in a storm like this. And surely you do not object to my assisting you ? You cannot hate me sufficiently for that?"

"I do not hate you," said Molly, turning away her head.

"I am so glad—for I thought—I fancied you did."

"You were wrong, Mr. Temple ; I do not hate you, but—" and she stopped short in evident confusion.

"But you do not care to cultivate Australians?" he said, somewhat bitterly. "I am sorry you should share your father's absurd prejudices."

"I do nothing of the kind," cried the girl indignantly.

"Then that is not the reason you avoid me?"

"I do not understand you," she said, looking up in surprise. "What can my liking or disliking Australians have to do with you?"

"Everything, Miss Dean. I *am* an Australian."

"You ? Is it possible?"

"I felt sure you knew—I was certain Mrs. Mavor had told you."

"I never asked what you were ; I believed you were an Englishman ; papa does, I know."

"Yes ; I am sorry he does."

"It was wrong to impose upon him. But I cannot say I am sorry. You have been so kind and have done him so much good."

"I had not the smallest wish to deny my nationality, I assure you. But for some unknown reason he fancied I was an Englishman, and I did not contradict him. Mrs. Mavor begged me to be silent. She declared it would irritate him to learn that he had made such a mistake. But I'll go off now and confess if you like."

"No, no!" cried Molly. "Pray do not. It is too late. We are near the end of our journey and shall soon part for ever. It would make him angry to hear it now. Some day at home, when he is better, I shall break the terrible news to him—some day when he is praising you very much. It will be great fun." And she laughed merrily.

"And you do not mind?"

"I? Oh, not at all! And believe me," she said earnestly, "neither would papa had not his illness made him fanciful and irritable."

"If *you* will only be a little more friendly, I shall not care how much he abuses my countrymen."

"You are very good," she said. "I promise to be more friendly for the future. And, now, will you take me to papa?"

"Certainly. But don't mention your accident, as he might be alarmed, and make you stay below to-morrow, if the storm should continue. For now that you are going to be friendly, I expect to have very pleasant times."

"Indeed?" and Molly's eyes were full of mischief. "But I thought you had only a short time to stay on board, and were resolved to keep away from young ladies!" Then, without giving him time to reply, she opened the door of her father's cabin, and disappeared.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "that is the virtuous resolution I made on my way to Suez. I told Mrs. Mavor, and she must

have talked about it. Perhaps that was the cause of Miss Dean's aversion. Well, I shall soon show her I did not mean much by that speech."

After this, Molly no longer avoided Richard Temple's society ; and he sought hers as much as the easy going habits of life on board ship permitted ; which meant practically that they were together all day.

The young officer had become a favourite with all the passengers ; and wherever he sat there was sure to be a goodly gathering of ladies and gentlemen. So now, as he tried to be near Miss Dean, and she was always beside her father, the invalid's chair became the great centre of attraction. Molly was alarmed at this ; for knowing her father's hatred of the Australians, she was in a constant state of anxiety, lest he should say something to offend them. But so long as Mr. Temple sat near, so long as he talked, smoked, or read his book beside him, the old man was content, and took but small notice of the others. So, after a time, the girl grew accustomed to these pleasant meetings, and ceased to be uneasy. Her father was better ; was quietly polite to all around him ; and so Molly was happy. But, alas ! for the contrariness of human nature. Voyaging with Mr. Dean was somewhat like travelling with a box of dynamite. So long as he was left alone, he was harmless ; but if knocked about or rudely upset he would explode without the smallest warning. This his friends discovered to their cost, a few days after Mr. Temple's understanding with Molly.

One evening, after they had left Port Said and were bowling merrily through the Mediterranean, the passengers gathered together on deck for a little amusement. First they danced, and then sat down in groups to rest. Then came songs and glees, recitations and duets. Every one was gay and happy ; no one noticed how the hours were passing. Mrs. Mavor, Molly, and Mr. Temple had joined the pleasant party. They

clapped and encored, took part in the glees, and added to the fun and merriment as much as they could.

Mr. Dean had retired early to his cabin, and had just fallen into his first sleep when the concert began ; and as his cabin was on deck, not far from the performers, the sound of the piano soon woke him up. For some time he tossed about from side to side, doing all he could to shut out the maddening sounds. But it was of no use. Every note fell distinctly on his ear ; every word was perfectly audible. Eight, nine, ten o'clock struck, and still the merriment continued. Eleven o'clock struck ; and a loud chorus, followed by peals of laughter, set his nerves tingling and filled him with wrath.

"This shall go on no longer," he cried. "Those hateful Australians will be the death of me." Then he rose from his berth, flung on his dressing-gown, and, pushing his feet into his slippers, walked down the deck.

"I will have no more of this !" he cried, in a voice of thunder. "Stop your noise, and allow people to sleep in their beds."

For an instant no one spoke ; the strange figure amazed the assembled company ; the tone of command awed them ; they stared at him in surprise. Molly was leaning against the side of the steamer, listening happily to Mr. Temple, who was entertaining her with stories of his life in India.

The girl was not pretty, but she was looking her best at this moment. She wore a dress of a soft creamy material, that fitted her slender figure to perfection ; her fair hair was coiled in heavy plaits round her small, well-shaped head ; whilst about her throat were several rows of delicately tinted Australian shells. Her eyes were bright ; her cheeks a little flushed ; and there was a look of happiness in her face that softened it, lending it a beauty that was new to it.

But suddenly the smile died upon her lips ; the colour fled from her cheek.

"Papa," she cried, springing forward and catching him by the hand, "come away, I implore you!"

"Nonsense, Molly! One would think I was a child, from the way you order me about." And he tried to shake himself away from her. "Let me go. I am not to be silenced so easily. I—"

"Oh! papa."

"Oh, rubbish! Am I to be tormented and annoyed for nothing? Leave me alone. I will not stir from this till I have given these Australians a piece of my mind."

"Papa, dear, pray come back to the cabin, dear; please do."

"I say, Molly, I must tell them what I think of them and their noise," he answered, angrily. "I will not—I cannot allow it to go on, and so I—"

"And what right have you to prevent us having music on board?" asked a little man with a sneer. "Who are you—"

"Who am I?" cried Mr. Dean, glaring at his interlocutor. "Sir, I would have you remember—"

But here a hand was laid upon the old man's arm, and Richard Temple said quietly: "We are sorry we disturbed you, Mr. Dean. But the concert is over. Let me see you safely back to your cabin."

"So the concert is over—is it? That is a comfort. Now, perhaps, I may be allowed to sleep in peace. But it is a terrible mistake to come a long voyage with such a set of barbarians. These Australians, Mr. Temple, are the most unpleasant men created. Never again shall I speak to one of them, if I can possibly help it."

"Indeed," said Richard, drily.

"Never," he answered. "And, if you take my advice, you will avoid them too. They are everything that is objectionable." And all the way back to his cabin he abused his fellow-passengers at the top of his voice.

Richard was nettled at the old man's railing, and longed to tell him that he too was an Australian. But dreading the effects

of such intelligence upon the invalid in his present excited condition, he refrained from making the announcement. So, putting aside all feelings of animosity, he did what he could to soothe him ; and at last succeeded in getting him to lie down. He sat beside his berth, talking over every imaginable subject ; doing his best to distract his thoughts, and make him forget his tormentors. This was a difficult task ; but after some time Mr. Dean grew calmer, listened drowsily to his companion's remarks, and finally dropped off to sleep.

As Richard Temple led her father away, Molly followed closely behind. On every side she saw angry faces ; indignant looks fell upon her as she went along ; and harsh, angry words were used as Mr. Dean's name was bandied about from one to another. For some moments she bore it all, answering not a word to the jeers of the passengers ; but when she saw that she was not wanted, that Richard was doing all that was necessary, she turned and fled to her cabin. Many ladies had gone below ; but not one spoke to Molly when she appeared amongst them. Mrs. Mavor was nowhere to be seen ; not a friend was near to comfort the unhappy girl. So she was forced to make her way alone through the crowded saloon, where on all sides people were discussing her father's conduct, and abusing him for his insolence. And when, at last, she reached the solitude of her cabin, Molly flung herself on the berth, weeping bitterly.

For some time Molly lay weeping on her pillow ; then, when all was still, and she fancied everyone must have gone to bed, she arose, threw a light shawl over her head, and went up on deck, to make sure that her father was comfortable. She entered his cabin in much trepidation ; but, to her delight, she found him sleeping peacefully, all signs of his recent agitation having gone. The girl stood gazing at him for a few moments, and then stole away.

It was a glorious night. The moon shone brightly over the still, calm waters of the Mediterranean ; and not a sound was

heard save the working of the engines as the "Clyde" cut her way through the sea.

"How tranquil everything is now," murmured Molly, looking up and down the deserted deck. "How different it all is since last I stood here. And just before that terrible scene, how delightful it was—how happy I felt. Papa, papa! why did you behave so? How can I look these people in the face to-morrow? I feel so ashamed—so miserable. Mr. Temple must feel angry too. Heigh ho! it is always the same. We make a few friends and papa sends them off. It was all so very happy to-night. But now, we can never, never be the same again—never." And covering her face with her hands, Molly burst into tears.

"Is it not lovely?" asked Mr. Temple, coming up suddenly to her side

"Exquisite," she answered quickly. "But I only—came up to look after papa. And, oh! Mr. Temple, thank—you—so much for your kindness—I—I hope you were not vexed. He does not know you are an Australian, remember."

"I know. And I am not vexed, believe me."

"Thank you so much. Good-night. I must go now."

"Stay a few moments longer, Miss Dean, pray do," he said, putting out his hand to detain her. "Your father is asleep, and I trust the excitement will do him no harm."

"I—I hope not," answered the girl; and as she spoke the tears rushed into her eyes once more. "Poor papa—he scarcely knew what he was saying. And everyone is so angry with him."

"Yes; I am afraid they are not generous enough to remember the state of his health, and to make allowances for him. But do not fret, Miss Dean. You must forget it; and act as if nothing unpleasant had happened."

"I cannot do that," she answered, sadly. "Judging by the cold looks I received to-night, I am sure no one will speak to me to-morrow; at least, not as I should care to be spoken to."

Papa and I must keep to ourselves for the remainder of the voyage. Indeed, we should have done so all along, only people were so kind—and you—”

“ Forced myself upon you,” he said, smiling ; “ cheated your father into making a friend of an Australian in spite of himself.”

“ I did not mean to say that. Papa is always glad to see you, and I—like you. But it will be better to treat us as strangers—and—and not come near us any more.”

“ You surely do not mean to forbid me to speak to you or your father ? ”

“ I shall not forbid you—but—”

“ So long as you do not forbid me, I shall not mind. Your father informed me just now that he never would speak to an Australian again. But I intend to make him do so pretty constantly.”

“ You are very forgiving,” said Molly, faintly. “ But the passengers will one and all avoid us ; and it would be too bad if you had no one to talk to but papa and me. You are very kind, Mr. Temple. But I fear you would soon tire of us. We—”

“ Tire of you ? Never—Oh, Molly ! ” and catching her hand he imprisoned it within his own ; “ to live with you—to die with you is what I most desire. I love you, dearest—”

“ Mr. Temple—you—I—” faltered the girl, while she struggled to release her hand.

“ No—you shall not go. Not till you tell me—could you—do you love me ? ”

“ Yes—I—that is—” said Molly, trembling ; “ but oh ! you forget—you forget papa—”

“ I forget nothing, dearest. I know you could not leave your father ; and I shall never ask you to do it. He shall be my father also, and go where we go. That is, if you love me well enough to be my wife. Tell me, Molly—is this happiness to be mine ? ”

“ Yes,” she whispered, “ if you wish it—and do not mind papa.”

Then, after a brief pause, in which they both stood silent, lost in happy dreamland—

"Dick Temple, are you on deck?" called Mrs. Mavor, as she stepped along in the moonlight.

"Yes," he answered, gaily, "here I am—and here," drawing Molly forward, "is my affianced wife."

"Your—aff—why—dear me! it is Molly Dean. Well, I am surprised."

"Surprised? Are we then such an unsuitable couple?"

"The most suitable I ever saw," she replied. "But I am astonished and bewildered. I never expected such a conclusion to your indifference and her dislike."

"But surely you have heard the saying: 'It is safe to begin with a little aversion,'" said he merrily. "And Molly's was so apparent, that you should have seen how it would end."

"I am getting old; that is my only excuse. But I am delighted," she said, kissing the girl affectionately. "I wish you every joy. Dick Temple is one of the best fellows alive. I told you so long ago, but you would not believe me."

"Indeed, I did believe you," said Molly shyly, "only—I did not care to acknowledge it."

"Well, that was very wicked of you; your manner deceived me completely; I thought lately you were polite to Dick because your father wished you to be nice to him. But that reminds me, Mr. Dean thinks you are an Englishman, Dick; he'll never give his daughter to an Australian. Dear, dear, what shall we do?"

"I am not uneasy," said Dick. "He may bluster a bit; but he'll give in, in the end. Having conquered Molly's aversion, I feel pretty sure of managing the old gentleman. To-morrow he shall know all."

"I trust he may receive you well. Your father's conduct has caused a great deal of ill-feeling on board. The passengers are indignant with him."

"Yes ; I fear so," said Molly, sadly. "And I think you and Dick should leave me and papa to ourselves. I cannot bear to bring trouble on my friends."

"Nothing can trouble me now," cried Richard. "The more they leave us alone the better."

"You think so, do you?" said Mrs. Mavor, dryly. "Well, I confess I like variety. But, then, I am not in love. However, as I wish to avoid any further row, I must tell you a plan which would certainly put an end to all worry. For the last two hours I have been thinking it all over, wondering how we should manage to live through the rest of the journey. My dear friend, Mrs. Stewart, who has been confined to her berth for some days, sent for me to tell her what had happened on deck. I went at once, and we have been talking the matter over ever since. Now she advises that Mr. Dean, I, and you, Molly, should go on shore at Naples."

"That is impossible," said the girl decidedly. "Papa would never do it. He would hate to wait there for another steamer, and he cannot bear railway travelling."

"But Dick means to go overland from Naples to London, and surely you—"

"Dick has changed his noble mind," said that gentleman. "Dick is Miss Molly's slave, and follows where she leads. He intends to remain a fixture on board the 'Clyde' till she reaches Gravesend."

"Then I hope my own plan may prove successful," said Mrs. Mavor. "For, if not, we shall have an unpleasant time. The ladies in Mrs. Stewart's cabin are perfectly rampant."

"Poor fools," said Dick between his teeth. "But, pray, tell us what your plan is? Mrs. Stewart's is a failure."

"Well, my dear Dick, strange as it may appear," she remarked, smiling, "you are a great favourite on board."

"Indeed? That is truly wonderful ; but what has it got to do with the matter?"

"Everything," she answered gravely; "for on that rests the whole success of my scheme."

"You amaze me," he said, laughing, "and I am all impatience to have your scheme unfolded."

"Do not be frivolous, or I shall leave you to find your own way out of this difficulty. Well, my idea is this. You are a favourite; the passengers like you, and enjoy your society."

Dick bowed, but did not dare to speak.

"The news of your engagement will cause a sensation on board. It will be something to talk and speculate about; your fiancée will be a person of importance; and—"

"But how can we speak of our engagement till we have Mr. Dean's consent?"

"Of course you cannot. But you must go to him early in the morning, tell the terrible tale of your nationality, and ask his consent to your marriage. Send me a message immediately, and I shall soon whisper it about for you."

"That sounds very well," said Dick. "But, meanwhile, things may be very unpleasant for Molly. I should not care to let those people know of our engagement if I saw them cut her at the breakfast-table. I do not want their patronage."

"No, I am sure you do not, no more do I. But I want peace on board, if it can be managed."

"So do I!" cried Dick; "but I have no notion of going down on my knees to obtain it."

"That will not be necessary, unless, perhaps, Mr. Dean proves difficult," answered Mrs. Mavor, smiling. "But, seriously, you must agree to do what I tell you, or my plan will fall through, and all the other passengers will remain our bitter enemies for ever."

"That would be too bad," said Molly. "Please, Dick, let us take Mrs. Mavor's advice."

"Certainly, dearest. I will do anything you wish."

"That sounds promising," said Mrs. Mavor. "And, now,

listen to what I say. At the first peep of dawn, Richard, go to Mr. Dean's cabin ; he is awake early, and delights in a cup of coffee. Take it to him ; be pleasant and amiable ; and when you have put him in a good temper, break your news to him very gently. Molly must follow you soon, listen to his answer, and let me know it at once. If it is favourable, I shall have much pleasure in announcing the fact to my lady friends ; and you must, neither of you, appear till it is well circulated. That is my plan."

"But we are both in the habit of going to breakfast," said Dick.

"Then you must change your ways," replied Mrs. Mavor decidedly. "You must get your breakfast as you can. Tomorrow, neither you nor Molly must be seen till lunch time. Meanwhile, I shall talk about your engagement, throw out hints about your riches, your country house, your property in Australia, in fact, rouse the curiosity of all on board, and make you and Molly subjects of intense interest."

"You are certainly a strategist," said Dick, laughing. "But I fear your news will not cause the sensation you expect."

"We shall see ; I am full of hope. The fact of your being an Australian is in our favour. If you manage Mr. Dean properly, and with tact, I am sure to succeed in my undertaking, and peace will be restored."

"I will do my best, believe me," said Dick. "His consent is a great deal more important to me than the good wishes of the passengers."

"Of course, it is ; but we may as well secure both, and be happy."

The next morning, when the sea was tinged with the glorious light of a red-gold sunrise, Molly stood at the door of her father's cabin. The sound of voices within fell upon her ear, and she knew that Dick was fulfilling his part of the compact.

"You have conquered Molly's aversion, you tell me?" she

heard Mr. Dean exclaim, "and you fancy it will be equally easy to overcome mine, which has been growing and increasing for years?"

"You liked me for myself," answered Dick boldly. "You believed me worthy of your friendship when you thought I was an Englishman. Am I less honourable, less deserving of esteem now, when you know me to be an Australian?"

"No; for whatever your country may be, you are a gentleman, Dick—a good, honest fellow. I have hated Australians—why I cannot tell—but I have. It was wrong to take up a prejudice in such a way, and I am sorry. There are true men in every nation. You have taught me that even Australia has sons of whom she may be pretty proud."

"Thank you; your kind words encourage me," said Dick.

"Molly is my one treasure—my little ewe-lamb," continued the old man with emotion. "But I could not wish her a better fate than to be your wife. Take her Dick, and may God bless you."

Then Molly waited to hear no more; but, with burning cheeks and throbbing heart, sped quickly to her cabin. There she found Mrs. Mavor, and flinging her arms round her neck, she whispered the good news of her father's consent.

* * * * *

And Mrs. Mavor's plan for the reconciliation of the passengers was quite successful. The announcement of Molly's engagement to Richard Temple softened all hearts towards the girl. It was an unexpected event, and it caused no small sensation. So, when Molly appeared at luncheon, she was greeted on every side with smiles and congratulations. Her father's behaviour seemed entirely forgotten. And as that gentleman remained in the seclusion of his cabin for several days, no further remarks were made.

The rest of the voyage was accomplished in peace. For

Dick's sake, Mr. Dean began to think more kindly of the Australians, and to treat those about him with politeness. So Molly and Dick were extremely happy during these last weeks on board, and were sorry enough when the "Clyde" reached Gravesend.

But some four months later, when they were married, they revisited the lovely spots along the Mediterranean that they had seen together. And when Mr. Dean came to die, early in the following year, he died with the happy consciousness that his daughter was well provided for; that he had given her to a husband who would love and cherish her as his very life.

CLARA MULHOLLAND.

Delved from Dugdale :

READING ABBEY.

THE Abbey of St. Mary, and SS. James the Great and John the Evangelist, at Reading, was founded for Benedictine Monks by Henry I., in 1126. Originally a Saxon Nunnery, erected by Queen Elfrida as an act of penance for the murder of her stepson, King Edward the martyr, it had, for some unknown reason, fallen into decay, when King Henry granted the site with the town of Reading, and two other ruined monasteries, Leominster and Chelsea, to his new foundation. This charter gives many and great privileges to the Abbot and Monks, and a clause in it might almost have been suggested by a prevision of the ultimate fate of this truly royal house under the rule of the founder's namesake and descendant, for it calls down the anger of heaven, not so fiercely as is usual in documents of this nature, upon all and sundry despoilers of the abbey, but denounces, in a special manner, any king of England who shall molest it or confiscate its goods.

"Hanc Monasteris Radingiæ et omnibus ad ipsam pertinentibus imperpetuam dono et confirmam liberam immunitatem, et immunem libertatem, quam Regibus post me in Anglia regnaturio, causa Dei commendo servandum, ut eis conservat Deus æternam. Si quis autem hoc nostra donationis decretum infringere, seu minuire, vel transmutare scienter præsump. Serit summus judex omnium contrahat eum cum sua posteritate, &c."

From the first the Abbot of Reading exercised within the precincts of his Cloister the jurisdiction of a Bishop, and conferred Minor Orders. He was also entitled to carry the crosier and to

wear the sandals, gloves and mitre ; the last, however, by an order of Clement IV., was to be without jewels, only gold embroidery being allowed, though this rule was not strictly followed in later ages except when a Bishop was present. He carried his crosier in the left instead of the right hand. He was a Peer of Parliament, taking precedence, according to some authorities, of all other Abbots in England, except those of St. Albans and Glastonbury, but according to others he appears sometimes as seventh, and in one case as tenth in rank. He had his own courts, with power to try criminals, a mint with the right to coin sixpences, halfpennies and farthings, and he was Lord of Reading. The corporation of the town, or, as it was called, the Society of Guild Merchants, claimed a charter from Edward the Confessor, which was granted ; but when King Henry bestowed the town upon the Abbey this charter was abrogated, and the Abbot became over-lord. Thereupon followed much quarrelling between the Burgesses and the Monks. The dispute was settled early in the fourteenth century by an agreement that, instead of the Abbot choosing the Warden, or Mayor, *proprio motu*, he was to select him from three persons presented to him by the Burgesses. An old document sets forth that William Pernecote was chosen to serve the office of Mayor by John Thorn, the Lord Abbot, "*cum consensu omnium burgensium*;" this unique method of election lasted until the dissolution.

These privileges, however, had their corresponding obligations; for the Monks had, as a body, a very sincere desire to confer benefits upon those about them. Hence King Henry sets forth in his charter that he has founded this house as an asylum for the entertainment of the poor, and of all strangers passing through the town. This obligation, says William of Malmesbury, was so well fulfilled, that more was expended upon strangers than upon the dwellers in the abbey, "these monks being a great example of piety." In what a generous spirit the royal founder's desires were carried out is shown by the action

of Abbot Hugh II., a learned writer and a great benefactor to the abbey, who governed it late in the twelfth century. He founded St. Laurence's Hospital for the constant support of thirteen poor persons, and for the reception, as need arose, of thirteen other poor sick persons (particularly lepers), and of strangers who passed that way. The offerings and all other things belonging to the Church of St. Laurence—which was served from the abbey—went for the support of these poor; and the rents and profits of certain mills in Leominster for the sick and strangers. The poor in this house were clothed as well as fed from the abbey, and in the register are entered the various stuffs required for this purpose—"of woollen 300 yards; of linen 84 yards; of canvas 100 yards; of serge 95 yards," &c.

Another institution belonging to the abbey, and mentioned in its register, was for the widows of persons who had been office-bearers in the town, and had fallen into poverty. They took a vow to remain unmarried for the rest of their lives, and "served God night and day, praying for the king's estate, the founder, and all benefactors. They had a fair chapel for divine service, and received their bread, meat and drink, from the abbey, besides a certain yearly sum and clothing, and on Christmas, Easter, Pentecost, and Shrove Tuesday, they had in addition one penny and a dish of meat." The Reading Chartulary has several entries relating to this charity—Margery York had three of the founder's loaves, and three "chopines" or penny loaves, while Matilda, a Sister who entered on "St. Calixtus day, 1379, had every day 'a pricked loafe,' and a bottle or two quarts of ale." In the reign of Henry VII., Abbot Thorn, for some unknown reason, suppressed this charity, when the king, on a visit to the abbey, noticed the empty building, and expressed a desire it should continue to be put to some pious use, whereupon the Abbot founded and endowed a Grammar School, which still exists.

The entertainment of the poor and strangers was, however, a

light burden compared to the tax upon the resources of the abbey, caused by the constant visits of the king and his court. Nearly all the Religious Houses in the kingdom groaned under this infliction, and when we read that they were exempted in a great measure from the direct taxation, it is to be remembered that this indirect tax was a far greater drain upon these corporations. Reading seems to have been a favourite halting place on the royal progresses. To take some instances, at random, from the Chronicles : In 1163 a single combat was fought between Robert de Montfort, appellant, and Henry de Essex, defendant, the cause of which arose out of an incident connected with Henry II.'s wars in Wales. During a battle, a false rumour getting abroad that the king was slain, some of the English army took to flight, and among these Henry de Essex, hereditary standard-bearer, threw away the royal banner to facilitate his retreat. For this cowardice Robert de Montfort challenged him as a traitor ; and he denying the charge, the king ordered the quarrel to be fought out, and the two knights met on an island near the abbey on April 8th, in the presence of the king and nobility. Essex fell grievously wounded, and being left for dead, the Monks were permitted to carry him into the abbey for burial. The vanquished knight however revived, and, being healed of his wounds, took the habit of St. Benedict, and became a member of the Community, who were thus probably the means of saving more than his temporal life. His estates were confiscated to the crown.

In 1175 Henry II. and his court kept the Feast of Pentecost at the abbey, and again in 1177 he stayed there for Easter, while in 1185 he met Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, who had come to persuade the king to undertake a crusade against the Saracens, but returned home unsuccessful, after consecrating the Temple Church. Richard Cœur de Lion held his Parliament in 1191 at Reading ; in 1206 John of Florence, legate of Innocent III., presided at a council, and in 1213 Parliament again met in the

great refectory of the abbey, while in 1259 the pleadings of the Michaelmas term were held here before the king in person. Nor are the pomp and circumstance of such expensive ceremonials as royal marriages wanting in the abbey's history, for in 1359 John of Gaunt was wedded there to Blanche of Lancaster. Parliament again assembled there in 1439, and in 1464 Edward IV. held a council, at which he proclaimed his secret marriage to Lady Elizabeth Grey, she being escorted to the abbey and led publicly through the church by the Duke of Clarence and the Earl of Warwick, and acknowledged as queen by all present. Then we have the consecration of numerous bishops, and all sorts of public displays, involving the presence of a large retinue of servants, and of innumerable horses.

The cost of all these things fell on the abbey, which was by no means always able to bear it. In 1305 the newly elected Abbot, Nicholas de Quappelade, found the place in debt to the large amount of £1227. With that practical good sense which we find so constantly united with the highest spirituality in what we must call the matter of fact "ages of faith," the Abbot appointed a committee of eight Monks, with a law clerk and a steward to regulate matters, and a scheme of retrenchment was initiated. This was brought about in part by the discharge of all superfluous servants. The number of those retained, as positively necessary, gives some idea of the magnitude of these religious establishments upon which so many demands were made by "all sorts and conditions of men," from beggars to kings. Dugdale reports :

The list includes : 1. The marshall or master of the horse to the Abbot ; 2. his keeper of the pantry ; 3. his cup-bearer ; 4. a janitor who dined in the Abbot's hall ; 5. his page ; 6. and 7. the master-cook and his boy ; 8. the chamberlain of the Abbot who carved at his table ; 9. his boy ; 10. a doorkeeper of the Abbot's hall ; 11. an underkeeper of the pantry ; 12. an under cup-bearer ; 13. a hosteller in waiting to receive strangers ; 14. a keeper of

the wine-cellar to attend upon the Abbot after dinner in his own apartment ; 15. the Abbot's under-cook ; 16. the Abbot's third cook, who had charge of the larder ; 17. 18. and 19. the Abbot's carter, his boy and under-carter ; 20. the Abbot's huntsman ; 21. the Prior's cook ; 22. the head cook of the monastery ; 23. the chief baker ; 24. the under-doorkeeper ; 25. one in waiting on the under-chamberlain ; 26. and 27. the Abbot's palfry-keeper and his page ; 28. 29. and 30. the under-chamberlain's boy, two boys to attend the Abbot's company or visitors ; 31. the Abbot's running footman ; 32. the boy who waited on the refectory ; 33. 34. 35. 36. and 37. the cook of the infirmary and four attendants. Besides these the clerk of the town of Reading was chamberlain in waiting and steward in the Abbot's hall, according to custom.

That this scheme of retrenchment was successful is evident from the fact that the Abbot was able to build the chapel of the Blessed Virgin within the abbey, and St. Catherine's Chapel at Balliol College, to which purpose he applied £20 left him by a burgess of Reading, and gave the building materials, and £10 for a stained glass window.

In the time of his successor, John Stoke de Appleford, Edward III. *borrowed* jewels to the value of £200, which do not seem to have been returned ; but in their stead, the king regranted the Abbots the privilege of a mint of which Edward I. had deprived them.

The last Abbot of Reading who is recorded to have taken part in any matter of national interest, is the one who appeared at the funeral of Henry VII. "At the Solemn Dirige," says Leland, "my Lord of London was executor officii, and attendant upon him the Abbot of St. Albans and the Abbot of Reading vested and mitred." The body, according to the same authority, was received at Charing Cross by the Abbots of Westminster, St. Albans, Reading and Winchcombe, and mass was sung the next day by the Bishop of Winchester, the Abbot of St. Albans being deacon, and the Abbot of Reading sub-deacon.

But the funeral knell of Reading itself, and of its last Abbot,

Hugh Cook, better known as Farrington, was soon to be tolled by the dead king's son. Of Abbot Farrington, Hall says, "he was a stubborn monk and absolutely without learning ;" but, as Willis says in his *Mitred Abbots*, this assertion is contradicted by the Abbot's epistles to the University of Oxford. That he was a munificent patron of learned men is evidenced by Leonard Coxé in his dedication to him of the "Art of Rhetorick." Dr. John London and Richard Pollard were the visitors of Reading, and the first writes to Cromwell :

"I have required of my Lord Abbot the relics of his house which he showed unto me with good will. I have taken an inventory of these and have locked them up behind the High Altar, and have the key in my keeping, and they be always ready at your lordship's command. They have a good lecture in Scripture daily read in their chapter-house both in English and Latin, to the which is good resort, and the Abbot is at it himself."

In another letter he says :

"My servant shall be with you this week to bring up the Friars'* surrender with the relics of Caversham, and shall also bring you a token in parchment under the Convent seal from the Abbot and Convent here. He desires only your favour and no other thing, and I know so much that my Lord will find him as conformable a man as any in this realm, as more at large I will tell you the beginning of the term by the Grace of God."

The last letter runs :

"Pleaseth your Lordship to be advertised that at my coming to Reading I did despatch Mr. Wrythesly's servant with everything according to your commandment which amounteth to the sum of £39 19s. 8d. as appeareth by the particulars herein enclosed, and part of the stuff reserved for the King's Majesty's use with the whole house and church aforesaid, I and my fellows

* A house of Franciscans at Reading.

have left it by indenture in the custody of Mr. Penyson, and as for the plate, vestments, copies, and hangings, which we have reserved also to the use of the King's Majesty, we have left it in the custody of Mr. Vachell by indenture which shall be conveyed to London against my coming thither. And thanks be to God, everything is well finished there and every man well contented, and giveth humble thanks to the King's Grace. I and my fellows intend, Tuesday next, God willing, to take our journey from Reading as knoweth God who ever preserve your good Lordship. From Reading the 15th day of September, your own to command,

RICHARD POLLARD.

This token in parchment and the terms of the letters have given rise to an idea that the Abbot surrendered freely, acknowledging the king's supremacy, but there is not the slightest evidence of this except an incident which really cuts both ways. In the same year of the suppression, John Rugg, an Esquire, was indicted for saying "the King's Highness cannot be Supreme Head of the Church of England by God's law;" on which Hugh, Abbot of Reading, asked, "What did you for saving your conscience when you were sworn to take the King for Supreme Head?" Rugg answered readily enough, "I added this condition in my mind, to take him for Supreme Head in temporal things, but not in spiritual things." On September the 15th the visitors report the Lord Abbot of Reading to be with his monks, content and conformable; and on the 14th of November, not two months later, on the very day that the Abbot of Glastonbury and two of his monks were hanged, drawn and quartered, the same fate befell the Lord Abbot of Reading, and was also shared by two of his monks, called Rugg and Onion, the sentence being executed at Reading.

Then followed the usual dispersion, and insignificant pensions were given to only a few of the monks. The abbey with its fine church, consecrated in 1164 by St. Thomas à Beckett, was demolished, a part only being kept up as a royal residence until

the time of the Commonwealth, when that also disappeared, being blown up with gunpowder. The lands went into various hands, and the abbey in the next reign was for a short time the possession of the Duke of Somerset until the headsman dispossessed him, when it reverted to the Crown. At the beginning of this century the ruins still remaining were bought by the inhabitants of Reading as a memorial of the former greatness which the town owed to the abbey. Sir Henry Englefield in his *Archæologia* says :

“ The shattered and disjointed ruins of the building which remain, bear a character of majesty very singular and almost peculiar to themselves. Stript by destroyers of more than ordinary patience and industry of almost every stone which cased the walls, they still, though built only of small flints, defy the injuries of time and weather, and have more the appearance of rocks than of the works of human hands. The great Hall, probably the Chapter House, though forty-two feet by seventy-nine, was vaulted with one semicircular arch, and from wall to wall apparently with stone ribs. On the south side was a great room, probably the Refectory, which is thirty-eight feet wide by seventy-two feet long, ornamented with a row of intersecting arches. The plans of the cloisters of this abbey are exactly the same as those of Durham.”

The same authority gives the extreme length of the church as four hundred and twenty feet. The Hospital of the Poor Knights at Windsor was built of stone from Reading Abbey, whence also came the wainscotting of Magdalen College, Oxford.

The seal of the abbey is ornamented on both sides by a triple canopy of Gothic tracery. The centre compartment on one side contains the figure of the Virgin Mother, crowned and seated, the Infant on her left knee, a globe in her right hand. On her right, the figure of St. James the Great with a hat on his head, a staff in his right hand and an open book in his left, a scrip at his side, ornamented with a scallop shell. On her left is St. John the

Evangelist, holding an open scroll in his right hand, in his left a palm branch, while at his feet lies a dragon. On the other side stands Henry I., holding a sceptre and the model of a church; and he is supported by St. Peter with the keys and St. Paul with the sword. Not even the bones of the royal founder were spared in the general desecration. The ground occupied being required for stables, his tomb was demolished, and the stone sarcophagus containing his bones was thrown out with scant ceremony, and perished in the general ruin. What became of all the other royal and noble personages who had their last resting-place in the abbey, is unknown. The possessions of the abbey lay in the counties of Berks, Sussex, Warwick, Wilts, Kent, and Oxford, and it owned, besides, divers tenements in the City of London, one being the house called Reading Place, in St. Andrew's Parish, where the Abbot resided when his Parliamentary duties called him to town. The revenue at the dissolution amounted to £1,908 14s.

ELISABETH VERNON BLACKBURN.

The Haydock Papers.

Preface.

THE pleasure with which I read, in a recent number of *Merry England*, Monsignor Gradwell's "First Journey to Ushaw Fifty Years Ago" induced me to hunt up a long-neglected series of M.SS. in which, I recollected, was an account of a similar journey to the great Northern College shortly after its establishment, now fast approaching its centenary. As I turned over the papers, my interest increased with the perusal of each document, and it was not until I had examined the entire collection that I could lay it aside.

I longed to share with others some of the impressions I had gathered, but I felt that the administration of the "eighth sacrament in a dose of birch wine" had lamentably failed to develop in me, as it did in Monsignor Gradwell, the facile pen necessary to grace traditionary lore. I determined, however, to endeavour to compensate for my deficiency by drawing further upon the M.SS. than I had at first proposed, and adding to my "Journey to Crook-Hall" extracts from a number of letters from Douay College, Old Hall Green, the convents at Hammersmith and Spetisbury, and other correspondence. I have also included original narratives of the suppression of the colleges at Douay and S. Omer during the French Revolution, and of the establishment of the colleges at Ushaw and Old Hall Green. The catalogue, with biographical notices, of the last one hundred and three members of Douay College, supplies a considerable amount of useful information. I have likewise added the histories of a number of chapels and missionary stations in Lancashire, Cum-

berland, and Yorkshire, which present us with a kind of panorama of the difficulties and progress of Catholicity in this country from the days of Henry VIII. to the present time.

I recognised at a glance that a selection from the original sketches accompanying the collection, supplemented by portraits and other illustrations in my possession, would greatly enhance the value of the narratives, one of which describes the flight of the English Augustinian nuns from their convent of S. Monica at Louvain, with their subsequent settlements at Hammersmith and Spetisbury.

Before introducing the writers of these papers, I thought a brief notice of their ancestry, with the quaint traditions connected with the Haydocks, would give double interest to the closing records of a truly historical family, for I may say with Dryden—

“So much religion in *their* name doth dwell,
Their souls must needs with piety excell.
Thus names, like (well-wrought) pictures drawn of old,
Their owners' nature and their story told.”



THE HAYDOCK ARMS.

The Haydocks of Cottam.

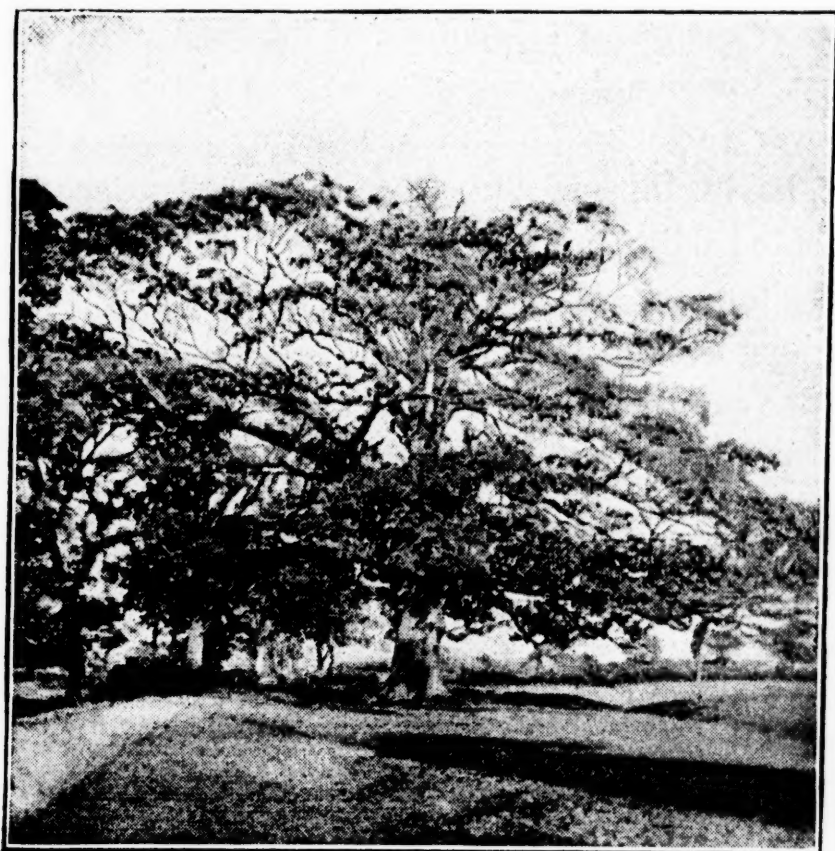
"My brain I'll prove the female to my soul ;
My soul, the father : and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts."

Richard II.

The Haydocks are inseparably associated with the history and traditions of Lancashire. Indeed, they may be regarded as a typical Catholic family, true to the faith through prosperity and adversity, and stoutly guarding it with that "hedge of oak" which the Lancashire historian says is the origin of the name.

Haydock and Cottam were portions of the possessions of the Haydocks from the most remote period. Hugh de Haydock held these manors in the thirteenth century, about which time the family and estates were divided. The elder branch, in the reign of King John, was represented by Sir Gilbert Haydock, who founded a chantry in Winwick parish in 1330, and was a great benefactor to the Priory of Burscough. Joan, the daughter and heiress of his descendant, Sir Gilbert Haydock, married Sir Peter Legh, of Lyme, in the reign of Henry V., and constituted him in her right lord of Haydock, Lowton, Poulton-with-Fearnhead, Bradley in Burtonwood, and other extensive territories. She afterwards became the wife of Sir Richard Molyneux, of Sefton, ancestor of the Earls of Sefton. In the same reign, Gilbert Haydock, lord of the manor of Cottam, was united to Isabel, daughter of William de Hoghton, of Hoghton and English Lea. Being related in the fourth degree, they were married by the special dispensation of his holiness, Martin V., dated Rome, Feb. 16, 1422. After almost half a century of conjugal happiness, a commission was granted in 1466 to Robert, Abbot of Cockersand, to veil Isabel, widow of Gilbert Haydock. Their son and heir, Richard, espoused Eleanor, daughter of Sir

William Ashton, of Croston, in 1455, and succeeding generations were intermarried with the families of Clifton of Clifton, Heton of Heton, Brown of Ribbleton, Osbaldeston of Osbaldeston, Hothersall of Hothersall, Haighton of Haighton, and other leading Catholic families of the county of Lancaster.



THE GREAT OAK AT COTTAM.

Cottam Hall.

"No memory of its former state,
No record of its fame,
A broken wall, a fallen tower,
A half-forgotten name."

L. E. Landon.

Cottam Hall was one of those quaint mansions, the growth of centuries, so pleasing to the lovers of the picturesque. To the

south it presented three gables in the post and pan style, a fine remnant of the half-timbered houses of the fourteenth century. At the north-western corner of the house stood a lofty stone erection, with a flat, leaded roof. This was probably the portion of the house described in the marriage settlement of William Haydock and Jane Anderton, in 1670, as "the hall, the buildings over the hall, the chamber at the higher end of the hall, the buttery, the boarded chamber with a little closett, and a chamber over the entry." The banqueting-hall was a spacious apartment, having at one end a huge stone fireplace stretching from one side to the other. A moat surrounded the mansion, which was approached through an extensive and well-wooded park by a long avenue from The Tagg, on the eastern side, and a shorter drive from Woodplumpton on the north. When the building was removed in the early part of this century, and a farmstead erected to the south-west, a secret hiding-place was revealed, adjoining the ancient domestic chapel, and in it were found a few articles of altar furniture and a skeleton. The history of the latter is as follows :

The Pilgrimage of Grace.

"How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill !"

Henry IV.

In 1536, the people of the northern counties, where the corruption of the Court had not penetrated, banded themselves together and raised a great army of thirty thousand men in defence of their faith, their ancient rights, and the dissolved monasteries. The nominal command was entrusted to Robert Aske, whose name revived the memory of the following lines in the ancient prophecies of Merlin, which were frequently sung in

the army as an ambiguous prediction of their expedition and its chief :—

“ Forthe shall come a worme, an *Aske* with one eye,
He shall be the chiefe of the mainye ;
He shall gather of chivalrie a full fair flocke
Half capon and half cocke,
The chicken shell the capon slay,
And after thatte shall be no May.”

From the borders of Scotland far into the fens of Lincolnshire, and to the west coast of Lancashire, the inhabitants generally bound themselves by oath to stand by each other, “ for the love which they bore to Almighty God, His faith, the holy Church, and the maintenance thereof.” They complained chiefly of the suppression of the monasteries, of the Statute of Uses, of the introduction into the Council of such men as Cromwell and Rich, and of the preferment of the archbishops of Canterbury and Dublin, and of the bishops of Rochester, Salisbury, and St. David’s, whose chief aim was to subvert the Church of Christ. Their enterprise was termed “ the pilgrimage of grace,” and their banners were painted with the image of Christ Crucified, and with the chalice and host, the emblems of their belief. Wherever the pilgrims appeared, the people flocked to their standards, and the ejected monks were replaced in the monasteries. Their formidable appearance alarmed the king, who eventually offered them an unlimited pardon, with an understanding that their grievances should be shortly discussed in the Parliament to be assembled at York. But the people in their simplicity were no match for the arbitrary and unscrupulous monarch and his ravenous advisers. After the army had been disbanded, Henry refused to keep his promise, arrested the leaders, and recommenced his plunder of the monasteries. John Paslew, the last abbot of the Benedictine abbey of Whalley, with two of his monks, William Haydock and John Eastgate, had been in the

foremost ranks of the popular outburst, and for this they were arraigned and convicted of high treason at the spring assizes holden at Lancaster in 1537. The abbot was executed, March 10, 1537, upon a gallows erected on a gentle elevation in a field called Holehouses, immediately facing Pendle Hill and the house of his birth near Whalley. Eastgate suffered with him, and their bodies were dismembered, and their quarters set up in various towns in Lancashire. William Haydock was hanged two days later in a field adjoining the abbey known by the name of *Le Impe-yard*, which signifies a nursery for young trees—the tree of faith that grew so strong in the Haydock family. His body for some reason was allowed to continue suspended on the gibbet entire, and ultimately was secured and secretly removed by his nephew and namesake to Cottam Hall, where it remained until its discovery when the hall was pulled down in the early part of this century.

William Trafford, abbot of the neighbouring Cistercian monastery of Salley, suffered in the same cause at Lancaster, on the same day as the abbot of Whalley. “Now thus!” went the flail, the motto and badge of the Traffords, ever ready, as we shall see, to be flung from right to left in threshing the wheat of this world, whilst keeping a shrewd eye on the next.

He was the second son of Sir John Trafford, of Trafford, and Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Thomas Assheton, of Ashton-under-Lyne, and was thus a relative of William Haydock, the monk of Whalley, whose grandmother, Eleanor, was the daughter of Sir Richard Assheton of Croston. The wife of Vivian Haydock’s son, William, was the daughter of Sir Richard Hoghton, whose first wife was the daughter and co-heiress of Sir Thomas Assheton, of Ashton-under-Lyne. In later generations the Traffords were twice allied with the heiresses of the Asshetons, whose estate of Croston thus became the property of their family.

The Prophecy.

Tristitia vestra vertetur in gaudium.

Of the many traditions attaching to the family, none is more curious than that relating to the prophecy said to have been made by the mother of the martyr, George Haydock, shortly after his birth, in the reign of Queen Mary. While the saintly wife of Vivian Haydock lay on her bed of sickness for the last time, to add to the gloom which pervaded the moated and semi-fortified manor-house of Cottam, the intelligence arrived that Mary was dead, and the daughter of Anne Boleyn proclaimed Queen. There by his wife's bedside stood the squire, gazing into futurity, which was to find him a widower, a priest, a fugitive for conscience' sake, hunted to death along with his children in the land of his birth. He had seen the blood of his great uncle, William Haydock, ruthlessly shed with that of his abbot in front of Whalley Abbey by order of Henry VIII. He had seen lust linked with avarice spreading desolation over the land, and he had watched a new doctrine, the offspring of licentiousness, grow up and wax strong, whilst legitimate religion was trampled under foot. His wife, divining his thoughts, raised her feeble frame, and, pointing to the motto beneath the Haydock arms embroidered on the arras at the foot of the bed, slowly and distinctly pronounced the prophetic words, *Tristitia vestra vertetur in gaudium*; then, clasping the babe by her side, she lay a corpse in her husband's arms.

Little could Vivian Haydock foresee how his sorrow should be turned into joy. He was but at the outset of a long reign of unexampled persecution and cruelty, in which he was to drink to the very dregs, both of his own personal sufferings and of those of his family. But the prophecy foretold not the joy of this world; it was the crown for which martyrs suffer, and that was promised to every generation of "the fugitive's" descendants, from that hour until the family became extinct.

Cardinal Allen.

“He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading.”

Hen. VIII.

A few years after Mrs. Haydock's death, William Allen, afterwards Cardinal, came over to England, and during his three years' stay, between 1562, and 1565, visited his friends and relatives in Lancashire. Mrs. Haydock and the wife of Dr. Allen's brother George were sisters, daughters of William Westby, of Westby, Co. York, and Mowbreck, Co. Lancaster, one of the finest and most staunch Catholic gentlemen then resident in Lancashire. Many were the consultations Dr. Allen held with Vivian Haydock on the threatened extermination of religion in the country. In the old manor-house at Cottam, and in the lordly tower at Hoghton, the newly erected seat of their common friend, Thomas Hoghton, they reviewed the process by which the nation was being robbed of its birthright, and discussed proposals for averting so disastrous an event. It was there that Vivian Haydock was inspired with the determination to resign his worldly position, as soon as his eldest son William should be old enough to take his place, and to devote the remainder of his life and energies to the preservation of the Church in England. In the year 1568, the council, alarmed at the steadfast refusal of the people of Lancashire to embrace the new religion, sent down the Dean of St. Paul's to preach in the county, and ordered Downham, the bishop of Chester, to make a visitation of his diocese. Their message of peace was accompanied by all the terrors of the penal laws, and a number of the leading gentry were summoned to appear before the Earl of Derby, and other ecclesiastical inquisitors, at Lathom. The most "obstinate" of these gentlemen were then sent to Chester to be kept under surveillance by its Christian bishop. Amongst them was John Westby of Mowbreck Hall, on whom, the bishop writes to Cecil

under date Nov. 1, 1568, no impression could be made (*Dom. Eliz.* vol. xlviii. 36). The stringent measures now enforced by the Lancashire ecclesiastical inquisitors, the Bishop of Chester, and Bishop Young, the lord president of the North, made it clear that it would be almost impossible for prominent men to preserve their consciences and observe their religion in their native country. Under these circumstances, Vivian Haydock advised his friend, Thomas Hoghton, to withdraw to the Continent as he himself intended. In 1569, Hoghton secretly sailed for Antwerp, from his seat by the Ribble, called The Lea, a short distance from Cottam Hall. This hamlet or manor was anciently divided into English and French Lea, the Hoghtons being lords of the former, and the Haydocks of the latter. Thomas Hoghton's half-sister Bryde, daughter of Sir Richard Hoghton by his third wife, Elizabeth, daughter of a gentleman of Balderstone, John Gregson (whose family name was really Normanton, of Normanton, Co. York), became the wife of Vivian Haydock's eldest son William. The story of Hoghton's departure from Merry England is told in an ancient ballad formerly sung in Lancashire, which shall be introduced with the following prelude:

The Three Weavers of Hoghton Bottoms.

Backards and forards th'weyver flings
Oo's shottle atween th' parted strings ;
Troddle and sley keep o at wark,
Reeds, healds, an' cogs, weft an' warp.

At the foot of the isolated hill rising above Hoghton Bottoms, stood the ancient manor-house of the Hoghtons, partially dismantled of its timbers, and stript of its quondam grandeur ; for the lord of Hoghton had recently replaced it by the imposing building which still rears its majestic towers on the summit of Hoghton hill.

“ E’er since the Hoghtons from this hill took name,
Who with the stiff, unbridled Saxons came ”

are lines in the poetic address with which James the First was welcomed on his visit to Hoghton Tower in 1617.

The Tower was erected by Thomas Hoghton between the years 1563 and 1565, and the festivities at its formal opening in the latter year were graced by the presence of the future cardinal, William Allen. A voice, which for twenty years had been silent, summoned the guests to solemn mass in the domestic chapel. It was the knell from the suppressed chantry of Ashton-under-Lyne—the bell with the legend inscribed by its donor, Sir Thomas Assheton—*Benedicta sit Sancta Trinitas*. The manor of Ashton was a grant to Sir John de Assheton, in 1412, from the Benedictine Bishop of Durham, Thomas Langley; and Thomas Hoghton’s father, Sir Richard, married one of the co-heiresses of the Assheton family.

“ ‘ Come to thy God in Time,’
Sad grew the boding chime ;
‘ Come to thy God at last,’
Boomed heavy on the blast.”

R. S. Hawker.

* * * * *

Again the bell is sleeping, for the penal laws of Elizabeth forbid the celebration of the ancient rites, and the lord of Hoghton is an exile for his faith in a foreign land.

Within the half-ruined manor-house at Hoghton Bottoms, sit three weavers at their looms, in a large room at the basement, with a clay floor, and long low windows of many mullions on two sides of the chamber. Such is the dandy-shop of the brothers Anderton. They are bachelors, and advanced in years, and, though their occupation is humble, their thrift has made them men of means. A much younger man sits pensively by the fire, resting his head on his hands; he is their youngest

brother, just returned from the Netherlands—Roger Anderton, late butler to the lord of Hoghton. He had accompanied his master into exile, and had remained to the last his faithful servant.

Merrily sing the weavers to the racket of their looms, each verse of their ballad concluding with the chorus—

Nickety nackety,
Mondy come Saturdy,
Pickin, sley, an troddle,
Thrut chin o' mi noddle.

Obiter Dicta.

THE TALE OF A PRIOR AND A PALFREY.—For “ways that are dark” I suppose there are few pursuits which compare with horsedealing. I am told a story which is of singular interest, just now, as representing the spirit of primitive monastic simplicity in contact with this most intricate of the problems of modern life. The monks of a certain abbey, which is not in the south-countree, recently besought their Prior to get them a horse, seeing that their labours in the fields were heavy. The Prior thought, and then admitted that the beast must be bought. But then he urged in sore perplexity that he was not versed in the ways of the gentiles, and knew little of the habits of horses, and so suggested that a council of the monks should be named to sally forth and together choose the animal. But the monks had a pleasing faith in the Prior, and suggested that though he was not personally familiar with horses, yet had he not a rare knowledge of novices? A few days later, accordingly, the Prior, alone and unattended, turned his back on the abbey, and set forth in search of the desirable horse. Two days went by, and then a wire came from the Prior, saying that he had secured the animal—a spirited, high mettled beast—for the sum of £80. Yet two other days went by, and then the Prior was seen from the towers afar, and leading the horse. That night the evening wore away, and the Prior was still telling of the bargain he had made, of the points and splendid spirit of the palfrey. The next morning the whole abbey was out to see the creature on its trial. No sooner, however, was the high mettled thing between the shafts, than all the abbey wished they could get it out of the shafts; for it kicked and plunged and reared, and generally showed it-

self so hopelessly and incurably vicious, that the Prior was at length glad to sell it for £20. Still the need for a horse remained; and the Prior, trusting to his knowledge of novices, left the abbey a second time. Again he was absent for two days, and again a wire came, saying that a fine, high-mettled beast had been secured for £60, and again the Prior was seen from the towers afar, leading the horse. That night a knowing novice, who in his worldly days had been even a little horsey, stole to the stables, and reported to the eager monks that, in appearance, the new purchase was quite equal to the old. But when, next morning, all the abbey was out to see the beast put between the shafts, the rumour of the night before became a certainty—the Prior had bought back the identical animal! A second time the monastic horse was sold as hopelessly and incurably vicious, and this time for £15. Still the need for a horse remained. But this time it occurred to the little novice, who in other and worldlier days had been horsey, to make use of a pious stratagem. And, accordingly, to prevent the Prior from purchasing the same high mettled beast for a third time, the monks secretly determined to keep the animal locked up till the Prior's return. And so the Prior, still trusting to his knowledge of novices, turned his back upon the monastery yet a third time. But, fearful lest he should meet the animal he had already purchased twice, he journeyed not to the east but to the west. And then in the heart of a grimy city by the Clyde, the Prior met a man of wealth, and told his tale of the horse. His hearer listened with growing interest and pleasure, and touched with what seemed the genuine spirit of monastic simplicity, himself presented the Prior with a horse, the bearer of wonderful loads. And so for the third and the last time the Prior was seen from the towers afar, leading the horse—a horse which still bears the burdens and the heats of the day in the monastic fields. And so even in these evil days will the spirit of unworldliness meet with its reward.

WHICH?—Some clerical friends of mine, who, just now, are engaged in establishing a new religious house in London, were anxious to acquire some sacred pictures for their new home. They heard with eagerness of a painting to be had by private bargain, and said to be of great merit, representing St. Clare or St. George. They went, accordingly, and viewed the wonder. But, distrusting their own technical knowledge, after expressing their admiration, they asked the name of the artist. The vendor replied, "Well, it is either by Raphael or by—Canon Keens' father. We are not quite sure which."

AN INTERIOR.—It is characteristic of a nation supposed not to be domestic, that M. Dumas' two plays, at the Français and the Gymnase, have been in danger of postponement on account of the author's devotion to a new-born untimely little grandson. His daughter, staying with him at his country house, has been in great anxiety to save her child, lying in cotton wool, under a glass bell, scarcely drawing a breath. Father, mother, grandfather, and grandmother, have taken their turn for sixty days and nights in watching and fostering the precarious life.

THE LAST STATE OF THAT MAN.—M. Renan has almost beguiled sympathy, by his tender love of priestly virtue, and his reverent references to the ecclesiastical examples which in youth fostered every good aspiration in his heart. It seemed hard to give the name of mere dramatic sentiment to a feeling so high, expressed with so much dignity, and (last, not least) in such admirable French. And it is with some poignant regret that many among us will hear of the abominable story with which, as he expresses it, he has just lightened his severe labours. The subject is one

which we cannot even sketch, and the ghastly situation which is its centre is worked out with such subtle reasoning—the blasphemy and immorality are so enforced with intellectual power—that it is no wonder a perfectly worldly and cheerfully non-religious paper has already pronounced it “diabolical.” Who will deny that an unclean spirit is vexing that city of Paris, and that the most beautiful intelligences within her walls are giving it expression ?

A LADY CORRESPONDENT writes : The cold has at last declared itself so definitely as to cause a pronouncement on the subject of winter fashions, long deferred while we were happily wearing summer frocks long beyond their natural term of life. For indoors we are to have dresses “done round with fur,” as Mr. William Morris has it in “Jason”—an extremely pretty fashion, but not so comfortable as it looks. A band of blue fox or bear round the bottom of a dress makes nobody in the world any warmer, and placed round the neck and cuffs, and down the points of a polonaise over-dress, it gives only a partial warmth. Nevertheless it is most becoming ; it favours simple forms and durable, thick, majestic materials. I wish our rulers in these matters would decree white wool dresses for the house, such as were so prettily worn in Paris some years ago. The fastening of almost all dresses and jackets will continue to be one-sided, or else diagonal. By the latter arrangement a greater length of line is obtained, which is advantageous to short waists. This subject of lengthening the waist, or rather the apparent waist, is a difficult one to all women to whom nature has given length in limb or in neck rather than in body. It is easy at the back, especially with a slender figure ; a cleverly cut dress and a tournure placed low will give all desirable length ; but in front the natural form asserts itself. Recourse must be had to a first-rate dressmaker, who will do much by setting the sleeves high, by these diagonal

fastenings, and above all, by closely and perfectly fitting arm-holes. A tight arm-hole is rather penitential, but if not actually tight, it must be exact. Bonnets are to be small, we are told, as the season advances, but some of the best models I have seen yet are of fair size, not extremely high, with a considerable mass of quietly-coloured ribbon very gracefully arranged on the left. There is no change in coiffure, except that women with that crisp hair which is so easily "stacked," are stacking it up more loosely at the back, large careless curls being fastened up (of course not flowing) here and there. Those with impracticable soft hair are still constrained to bind it close; for nothing must stray or droop until the fashion changes. Nor is there any great general novelty in evening dress. I am glad to say that the rather tricky fashion of coloured silk under white has not had a long life; but it is not such good news that large and most skilfully made flowers are to be arranged on the skirts of gala dresses.

BOOKS.—The three most successful of recent books have been *Flora*, Bishop Ullathorne's *Christian Patience*, and Miss Allies' *Leaves from St. Augustine*, all of them published by Messrs. Burns & Oates. To these may perhaps be added Father Christie's metrical version of the *End of Man*, brought out by Messrs. Kegan Paul. Of these the success of *Flora*, a first venture in a difficult field, must have been specially gratifying to its anonymous author. We say a difficult field, because it was a preoccupied field. Every reviewer who touched it seems to have been haunted by the dread that it would prove a servile imitation of the book which has now been the delight of two generations—Cardinal Wiseman's *Fabiola*. In truth, the two books have little in common, except that they both deal with the heroic age of Christianity—the time of suffering and strain, the time when there was the martyr's pang and not yet the visible triumph of the Church. The author of *Flora* is, perhaps, not very learned

in the special lore of literature, or in the peculiar craftsmanship of letters. Its success and wide popularity, therefore, may be taken as a tribute and a witness to the interest of the Catholic public in the vigorous portrayal of those first ages of the Church—the ages of renouncement and heroism. The popularity of *Christian Patience* was expected and secure, and immediately due to the faithful work of other years; while the *Leaves from St. Augustine* meets a want that has been impatiently borne. A word of thanks, however, is due to Miss Allies for her pure, simple and clear English. We understand that a new and cheap edition of Father Christie's *End of Man* is to be brought out by the Catholic firm in Orchard Street.

A GOOD MOVE.—It may, perhaps, be taken as a sign of the reviving interest in Catholic literature that Cardinal Newman has transferred three of his publications from Messrs. Pickering to Messrs. Burns & Oates: *Tracts Theological and Ecclesiastical*, *The Arians of the Fourth Century*, and *St. Athanasius*.

A ROYAL GIFT.—Chantilly, given by the Duc d'Aumale to this nation, is no gift lightly parted with. It has been in every sense its owner's treasure house, and has enclosed his hopes, aspirations and labours, as well as the unique possessions of his family. Before 1848 the duke had formed the intention of rebuilding the castle, which had been shattered at the Revolution, when its contents were scattered, buried, hidden, or destroyed. Something had already been begun, but the uprising of 1848 put the whole project to rout. Nor was it until twenty-seven years later that the reconstruction of Chantilly was definitely determined upon, the Duc d'Aumale entrusting his plans to M. Henri Daumet. This able architect was bound to the rather bizarre perimeter implied

by the splendid substructure, which existed still. The fosses, the triangular site, and the subterranean constructions prescribed the form of the building, with the great towers of defence at the angles, the counter-forts, the posterns, and the drawbridges. Of course, faithful and sound as was the new work, it was a mere restoration, though a restoration which, unlike most of its kind, falsified and confused nothing. But the chief accessories of the building were ancient, and in them, it has been well said, lies the spirit of Chantilly. For instance, the stained glass windows, which are *chefs-d'œuvre*, had been found, and the chapel was built to receive these with the tombs of the Condés and some admirable woodwork of the Renaissance. The reliefs by Jean Goujon had been not destroyed but confiscated, and they returned to the house of Orleans at the Restoration. It took forty years' seeking to bring together again statues, altars, tapestries, furniture, enamels, bronzes, and the tombs and funeral urns which had been violated at the Revolution. Nevertheless, a great deal of the art decoration is imitative and purely modern. To Paul Baudry were entrusted the paintings in the *Galerie des Cerfs*, where he has introduced the portrait of the Duc d'Aumale, in the principal figure of his "Vision of St. Hubert;" and those of the *Tour du Nord* which has his "Flight of Psyche" for the ceiling fresco. The gallery in this tower is devoted to a fine collection of old-master drawings, but the pictures, chosen from all schools, are in the great *Galerie de Peinture*. The *Galerie de Psyché* was prepared for the splendid series of windows containing the story of Psyche in grisaille—priceless glass attributed to Bernard Palissy. Marc Antonio made engravings from them. In the *Tour du Trésor* are gathered the small bronzes, gems, and other things which have to be enclosed in cabinets. At the angle formed by the *Galerie de Peinture* and the *Galerie de Psyché* a tribune is constructed on the Florentine plan. Here are the engravings, the Raphael which the duke bought from Lord Dudley at a fabulous price, another Raphael, the *Vierge des*

Orléans, and several examples of Lippi, Botticelli, and others of the *quattrocento*. Of the châtelet, which is built lower down, against the rock which bears the château, more has been left of the original building, the façades having been saved by the Directory. Here the Duc d'Aumale has gathered his famous library. The whole is a treasury of French art unparalleled.

"RATHER EXCEPTIONAL CIRCUMSTANCES."—The following touching letter from Father Damien, the Apostle of the Lepers, has been received by the Rev. H. B. Chapman, vicar of St. Luke's, Camberwell :—

"Kalamao, Molokai, Sandwich Isles, August 26th, 1886.

"Reverend Sir—Your highly appreciative letter of the 4th of June is to hand. Thanks to our Divine Saviour for having fired up in you, by the example of a humble priest fulfilling simply the duties of his vocation, that noble spirit of the sweet life of self-sacrifice. As you say in your letter, the Blessed Sacrament is indeed the stimulus for us all, for me as it should be for you, to forsake all worldly ambitions. Without the constant presence of our Divine Master upon the altar in my poor chapels, I never could have persevered casting my lot with the lepers of Molokai, the foreseen consequence of which begins now to appear on my skin, and is felt throughout the body. The Holy Communion being the daily bread of a priest, I feel myself happy, well pleased, and resigned in the rather exceptional circumstances in which it has pleased Divine Providence to put me.

"Your statement regarding your connections with the Church of England leads me to say a few words of what a middle-aged, well-educated man has done, who until a few years ago belonged to the Episcopalian Church in America. He became not only a convert to the Catholic faith, but shortly after his abjuration he made a long retreat in a Trappist Convent, and, following the divine inspiration of self-sacrifice, came a few weeks ago to this far-distant and poor country, resolved to spend his remaining

days at Molokai, asking the authorities that he might be permitted to come and work here with me without salary for the relief of the distressed lepers. He now resides here with the leper priest, and, as a true sympathising brother, helps me in caring for the sick. He, too, though not a priest, finds his comfort in the Blessed Sacrament. Without doubt you will admire with me the almighty power of God's grace in favour of my new companion; and please allow me to pray daily for you and your brethren that we may all have one faith, belong all to the same one true Apostolic Church, and become all one in Jesus Christ, and thus obtain the same eternal crown in heaven.

"In regard to your intended collection in favour of the unfortunate lepers under my care, I would say that any amount, however small, will be gladly received for the relief of over 600 poor unfortunate lepers. Be it understood that I personally having made vow of poverty my wants are few. A draft from the Bank of England, on Bishop and Co., bankers in Honolulu, will be the simplest and the safest way for remittance. May the eternal blessing of God be with you, your family, and those who may contribute in any way to the relief of my poor sick people.—Yours affectionately in our Lord,

"J. DAMIEN DE VENSIER, Catholic Priest for the Lepers."

This simplicity of heroism could hardly go further than in the poor priest's description of his awful lot, as a rather "exceptional circumstance." Surely many a shortcoming and many a scandal may be forgotten in the presence of willing but terrible renouncement which means a martyrdom of years.

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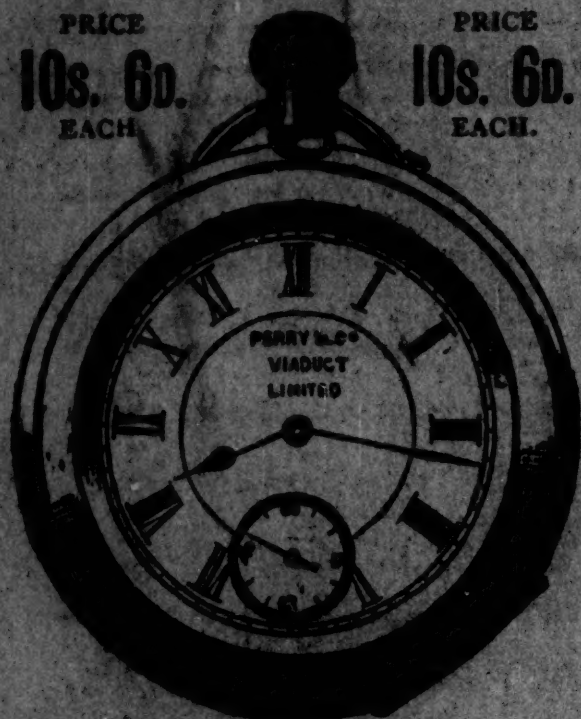
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